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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF SPORTS AND SENSATIONAL EVENTS

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"TOO FRESH"—AN INQUISITIVE OLD SWELL DISPLAYS TOO MUCH CURIOSITY AROUND THE CONEY ISLAND BATHING HOUSES, AND IS TAKEN IN HAND BY TWO STALWART BATHERS AND GIVEN A SALT WATER BATH JUST TO TEACH HIM A LESSON IN MANNERS AND PROPRIETY.—SEE PAGE 3.



# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly. Established 1848

RICHARD K. FOX, - - - Proprietor.

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## NOTICE.

Correspondents desiring any information in regard to sporting matters, or on any subject pertaining to sport in their vicinity will please address all their communications to W. E. Harding, Sporting Editor, NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, 183 William Street, New York. Mr. Harding's large experience amply qualifies him to deal with this department, and his thorough knowledge of everything in the sporting line enables him to give intelligent information on every point which may arise. We intend to make this department of the GAZETTE a feature in its columns, and our readers can assist by giving an account of every noteworthy event which occurs in their community. Be careful that all letters are addressed as above.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Photographs and sketches mailed to this paper enclosing a, if made use of, will be liberally paid for. We also desire to obtain the name and address of each artist and photographer throughout the entire country.

P. K., Cleveland, O.—Get such foolish ideas out of your head at once.

S. M. C., Syracuse, N. Y.—If you play with fire you must expect to get burnt. Let policy and fare alone.

MYRON B., Joliet, Ill.—You will find the record of his life in No. 144. You can always obtain back numbers at this office.

R. D., Cincinnati, O.—There are so many different opinions on the matter that we do not care to advise you. Use your own judgment, and take chances.

R. F. S., Albany, N. Y.—See answer to "Manager." A full description of the great fight between Yankee Sullivan and Morrissey will appear next week.

E. H. R., Bridgeport, Ct.—Do let us hear from you again. You are a natural humorist. Your letter was very entertaining. There is a terseness about every sentence which we admire. Don't fail to write again.

OFFICER SCHORLE, Evansville, Ind.—Have looked over file and fail to find anything concerning the party mentioned. If you can furnish us with date of paper we may be able to give you the desired information.

G. J. S., Winchester, Va.—Hardly of sufficient importance to warrant either an illustration or insertion. Thanks for trouble taken. Send something of general importance, and that will be sure of recognition.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Correspondent.—Content your soul in peace. Confidence placed in us by our correspondents is as red, and will never, under any circumstances, be violated. We wish all our contributors to bear this fact in mind.

W. W. L., Podie, Cal.—Thanks for compliment. Anything sent by you will be appreciated. Circulate the paper around and you will confer the same pleasure on your friends which you enjoy, and give it a good boom as well.

D. Mc., Williamsburgh, N. Y.—A thrilling account of the great fight between Yankee Sullivan and John Morrissey will appear in the next issue of the GAZETTE. You can judge from that whether you are the winner or loser of the bet.

J. F. M., Brickerville Pa.—We will gladly accept any novel idea you may furnish for illustration. We use the word "novel" advisedly. MS descriptive of subject must accompany sketch. If good, will use it. Have complied with your request.

GEORGE S., Troy, N. Y.—The second edition of "Glimpses of Gotham" is now in press and will shortly be published. The new edition will contain many spirited illustrations and is otherwise greatly improved. "Favorites of the Footlights" will also shortly be published. The date will be announced in the GAZETTE. You have a rare treat in store.

O. P. N., Salem, Mo.—We have no such agency in connection with the GAZETTE save our lynx-eyed correspondents. There are several first-class agencies in this city, to whom you would have to apply in person. If you demonstrate any fitness for the duties, you might connect yourself with some one of them. The best way is to try your luck nearer home, and after obtaining experience make an effort elsewhere.

MAJAGER, Rochester, N. Y.—The best place in the country to get pictorial printing done is at the office of the Manhattan Company, 183 William Street. They have on hand a large variety of wood-cuts adapted to every kind of business which they furnish without extra charge. If you contemplate putting out a large quantity of handbills to advertise your business you will find it to your advantage to consult them. There is nothing like a good, lively picture to attract the eye, as you doubtless know by this time.

## THE SEASON OF SLANDER.

The grand quarterly season of political blackguardism is once more upon us, and hundreds of slanderous pens are daily employed in tracing the lies which their fertile-brained owners invent. The gentlemen who are selected to bear the standards of their respective parties will be held up to the contempt of their virtuous countrymen in such colors as to cause them to wonder why such monsters have been permitted to live outside of state prison. Such a course is deplorable and tends to degrade our system of government in the eyes of all decent nations. It will be pleasing during this season of billingsgate to find one journal which tells the truth and depicts things just as they are without fear or favor. It is the province of the GAZETTE to tell some very unpleasant truths, to paint some scenes which are very disagreeable. But our readers have this satisfaction, that however strong may be the language which describes the peculiarities of mankind, or however bold the illustrations are, they are never unjust or serve to injure any one. On the contrary, they tend to good in pointing out the shoals which lie in the path-way of life and depict with graphic truthfulness the consequences which follow a violation of the laws of society. During its long career the GAZETTE has never injured any one by false representations. It has always delighted in according praise to those who deserved it, and all who have been censured have by their acts merited what they got—hearty condemnation.

There could only be one result of such a policy, and that the GAZETTE now enjoys in an eminent degree—the substantial approbation of all its readers—and they are legion. They recognize and appreciate the spirit of fairness which characterizes its management. They know that what appears in its columns is truth, and that in the telling of it we are not influenced by any motives otherwise than the best. And with this assurance they give the GAZETTE their staunch and loyal support.

Let the political mud-slingers go on with their slanderous warfare. While they are tearing reputations to pieces we will continue our efforts to make the GAZETTE still more worthy of all who may patronize it. If any one wanders from the paths of rectitude we shall criticize his or her course and warn others from following in their footsteps. No one will get hit unless they deserve it. Justice and fair play is our motto.

## A SUGGESTION.

No one would venture to assert that the metropolitan press have been derelict in the duty which devolved upon them of endeavoring to place the responsibility of the recent Narragansett-Stonington disaster upon the South, and bring the guilty parties to justice. As is invariable in such cases, innumerable methods have been suggested for the prevention of a recurrence of such calamities, with their inevitable sacrifice of human life. They include good, bad and indifferent ideas, with the former in a decided majority.

It is strange, however, that among this mass of suggestions, the simplest and most effective should have been overlooked—not alone in this city, but throughout the country. We refer to the system of ocean pathways.

Several years ago the number of collisions on the Atlantic became very alarming, and public feeling persuaded several of the steamship companies to take counsel in the matter. Their deliberations resulted in the adoption of ocean pathways, so that their vessels plying in opposite directions, by maintaining distinct latitudes, ran no risk of collision. The effect was to restore public confidence.

That this system is equally necessary upon a large body of water like Long Island Sound has been made only too evident. That it has been neglected by the lines running between New York and the East savors of criminal carelessness.

Giving them the benefit of a very slender doubt, it may be that the several companies have been unable to agree upon their respective highways. But even this does not touch the present case, for the two vessels were of the same line. Had the owners simply laid down separate pathways for their own steamers going in opposite directions, the disaster would have been rendered impossible.

As we have said, we believe this to be the simplest and most effective solution of the problem, and we would suggest it, first, to the Stonington Line, and second, in case of its non-adoption by them, voluntarily, to the State Legislature, in order that it may become compulsory. For not until then will public confidence be fully re-established in the nocturnal ferry between Gotham and the Hub.

## A RUSHING BUSINESS.

The divorce business is looking up. The San Francisco Chronicle says: "Many divorces are annually procured here, so many in fact that the matter has often excited criticism. The same may be said of St. Louis, of Chicago, of Cincinnati—of every large American city, not of course excluding

our great Gotham. Recently published statistics show a remarkable increase of divorces in New England. From 1860 to 1878, inclusive, 2,775 divorces were granted in Vermont, 7,233 in Massachusetts and 7,781 in Connecticut. Since 1870, 1,966 divorces have been granted in Rhode Island. Considering the fact that divorces were almost unknown in those states a generation or so ago, these figures are remarkable. Their proportion to the whole number of marriages in those states also challenges attention, and the steady increase of this proportion is more significant still. New England is the most conservative and old-fashioned section of the Union, and in this matter is not leading the country, but is rather following in the wake of other sections. The divorce appears to be increasing in popularity.

## A NOTED THIEF.

**Caged for Twenty Years—The Crushing Hand of English Justice Makes an Example of a Notorious Villain—His Grades of Crime.**

The readers of the GAZETTE are familiar with the career of Dan Noble the notorious band robber. He has at last come to grief in London. Noble is regarded by detectives as the most skillful thief in his particular line that ever disgraced America. He has also the reputation for courage unusual among his class. He can always be counted on to fight desperately while the slightest chance remains. Noble was originally a "sporting" man. He was born in Elmira, where his relatives still dwell. Going to New York, he opened a gambling-house, attended horse races, and led a gang of repeaters for hire for some years. He then became a sneak thief. He was best known from his connection with the Lord bond robbery and the Royal Insurance robbery, both of which were up among the millions. After the latter robbery Noble went to Elmira and spent money recklessly. He purchased a fine farm, built a house, and bought a number of fast horses. He had been suspected from the first, but it was difficult to fasten the crime upon him. At length he was entrapped through an attempt to negotiate some of the stolen securities, and an arrest followed. He was tried three times for the crime, and was finally convicted and sentenced to five years at hard labor in Auburn prison. After serving a year, he, Jimmy Hope, Jim Brady and several others escaped through the aid of Billy Connors, the Northampton Bank burglar. Connors hired a house in Auburn, in which they remained concealed for a long time, until the authorities had given up the search for them. Noble then went to Europe. This was in 1868. He established himself in London, and his house became the headquarters of all American thieves who have since had occasion to go abroad. He was concerned in the attempt to pass counterfeit \$50 National Bank notes in Bavaria, which was discovered through the arrival of immigrants here having them in their possession. He was arrested in Munich on suspicion, but managed to get clear. His associates in this crime were Joe Chapman, Jim Miller, two other American thieves, and Jack Phillips, alias "Junky," an English thief, who spent some time in this country. Chapman and Phillips got fifteen years each. Noble has also been arrested and convicted in France for sneak-thieving. He served out his sentence.

## THREE THINGS MISSING.

**A Pie Company's Superintendent, \$4,000, of its Cash and a Young Woman.**

James V. Rich, a married man, of middle age, at 1908 Christian street, superintendent of the Philadelphia branch of the New York Pie Baking Company, at Ninth and Taylor streets, has been missing since Wednesday, June 9; so have about \$4,000 of the company's money; so has Miss Tillie Laurence, a comely young woman, from Tom's River, N. J., employed in a coffee-roasting place near Rich's establishment. Rich managed the thing very artfully. On the day of his departure he sauntered into the office, told an employe to take charge of things, as he was going out of town for a few days, fishing, with his wife's brothers. The whole thing came out a couple of days ago, when the bank people sent word to the Pie Company that Rich, who had deposited their money in his own name, had overdrawn his account on the day he vanished. Rich had a wife and five children, one daughter almost as old as the girl he is said to have run away with. Rich was one of the most energetic members of the Methodist Church, at Broad and Christian streets. His family have gone to Mount Vernon, New York. The Pie Company are not yet far enough through with the inspection of their books to know whether Rich has embezzled moneys which might have been paid, but not entered by him upon the books.

## AN ACTRESS' BATH.

**An Explosion That Came Near Costing A Life.**

[Subject of Illustration.]

A noted French actress has brought suit for \$10,000 against one of the largest firms of gasfitters in Paris. Recently she had her bath-room fixed up in gorgeous style, every modern luxury being added to make it comfortable. The gas-fixtures were of the most elegant patterns and cost a large sum of money. While enjoying her bath before retiring, the pipes exploded with a loud report, and she came very near losing her life by suffocation. Her maid and valets rushed to the scene and rescued her from her perilous predicament. Much interest is felt in the issue of the suit.

## SEASONING.

AN Iowa woman has invented a spankaphone. She likes it, but the boys don't.

BREATHES there a girl whose hair is red Who ever to herself has said, I'll wear my own, my native bang!

A SCHOOLMARM who was kissed in the dark by mistake explained her omission to use any light for two weeks afterward on the ground of hard times.

LEADVILLE men are howling for wives. They are beginning to realize the necessity of having some one to put them to bed when they go home drunk.

"BLUE-EYED BIRDIE."—Yes, a horseshoe is said to bring luck, but a muleshoe never does, unless you can have it applied by the mule to a rich uncle who has made a will in your favor.

AN old bachelor, who particularly hated literary women, asked an authoress if she could throw any light on the subject of kissing. "I could," said she, "but it is better in the dark."

THE man who is curious to see how the world could get along without him can find out by sticking a cambric needle into a millpond and then withdrawing it and looking at the hole.

A JERSEY CITY girl ran a darning needle into her limb, and amputation was the only means of saving her life. This should be a warning to girls. Nothing but a very lazy woman will darn her stockings while they are on.

HE had one son hung, another at San Quentin. His wife had eloped with a chromo peddler, and his daughter was a waiter girl in a dive. "Have you any family?" he was asked by a fellow passenger. "None to speak of," was the prompt retort.

It would never do to elect women to all offices. If a female sheriff should visit the residence of a handsome man and explain to his jealous wife that she had an attachment for him, there would be a vacancy in that office in about two minutes.—*Phila. Evening News.*

"Now," said the examining physician to the unhappy pilot, "you must pick out all the reds you see." The pilot began by grasping the learned professor's nose, which was worsted. "That will do," said the professor, "your certificate is ready."—*N. O. Picayune.*

A SHAPELY arm and wrist should be included in an archery outfit. Don't attempt hitting the bull's-eye unless nature has been kind in that respect. It is worse than for a Chicago girl to play croquet, and bracelets only attract attention to defects which they cannot cover.—*Boston Globe.*

MR. SIMPKINS often declares that he never drinks anything stronger than claret. But coming home recently at midnight, and putting his lips to his wife's ear, he whispered mysteriously: "Hush, my dear don't be alarmed, but there are burglars about. They have already stolen our keyhole; I had to get in by the cellar window!"

It was a bold, brash census man

Approached a lady true;

"How many kids?" said he, and she

Said, "What is that to you?"

"It is my business," and she screamed:

"Come here a minute, Dan!"

And a burly person came and put

A head on the census man.

WHEN a man comes down to business on Monday morning with all the symptoms of a terrible attack of influenza, it is a sign that he attended church the day before and the lady in the pew behind kept a small cyclone flying around the back of his head, with a seventy-five-dollar fan. N. B.—A fifty-cent fan would make just as much wind, but except in the hottest weather cheap fans are not used.

ONE of the most disagreeable of human beings is the person who does not "look where he is going." A young lady of Troy entered a surgeon's office in that city recently and asked to have her nose set. She said that a man ran into her on the street and the collision fractured that useful organ. Of course, it may have been the fault of the nose; but, in the absence of exact knowledge, it is fair to conclude that the man was to blame.

THOMAS BASTARD, Esq., Fellow of New College, 1588 wrote the following epigram on his three wives:

Though marriage by some folks is considered a curse;

Three wives I did marry, for better, for worse,

The first for her person—the next for her purse—

The third for a warming pan, doctress and nurse.

THERE are funeral ministers, gentlemen, who carry around with them an air of professional solemnity; they carry it even in their hat bands and pocket-handkerchiefs, and look continually as if gently laid out in their coffins. There was a minister of this sort called on to marry a young couple. He stretched out his hands and unconsciously began the burial service. "Sir," spoke up the young man, "we came to be wedded, not buried!" To which the gentleman of the cloth responded, "It won't be many years before you'll wish you had been buried."

ALL preparations were made for the wedding of John Meadows and Miss Pinard, of Memphis, when, two days before the time appointed, John's parents discovered that the young lady's beautiful blonde hair was made so by bleaching. Regarding this as a deception, they compelled their son to break the engagement. John came within a hair's breadth, as it were, of marrying a bleached blonde; and the probabilities are now that he will marry a girl who hangs her hair over the back of a chair when she goes to bed. And it would serve him right if she had a glass eye to boot.



## HE WAS TOO NEW,

So They Put Him in Pickle---The  
Fate of

### A MASHER

Who Was Too Old to be Worth  
Mashing, Though

HE WAS WILLING TO GIVE UP.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The summer life of our seaside resorts is garnished with episodes as piquant as they are fleeting, froth on the tide of humanity which goes a pleasuring there, which vanishes like the foam the breakers leave behind upon the strand. Of all that will occur, the particular one the GAZETTE records here will rank as one of the most striking of the lot beyond doubt.

Among the frequenters of Manhattan Beach during the solar season are two young ladies, sisters, who have been the acknowledged belles of that resort for the past couple of years. One is a blonde of the most ravishing type; the other a brunette who would serve as a model for a Cleopatra. They travel together, are not afraid of a bottle of wine or ashamed of a glass of lager, know how talk and take care of themselves; are, in short, two first-class specimens of modern young womanhood.

To say that they are "mashers" is scarcely necessary.

But to say that they have themselves ever succumbed to the fascinations of any of the many male captivators who enjoy the hospitalities of the Beach, would be to invite on ourself the fate of Ananias.

And as our life insurance policy ran out the other day, we won't say it.

At the commencement of the present season, the girls turned up as usual, and were among the first to be clasped in the briny arms of Father Neptune. There wasn't much of a crowd about that day and they noticed a green-eyed man with a brown, wrinkled face, white whiskers, and a tongue that was constantly moistening his withered lips, watching them intently. When they left the beach he left it too. When they sat down on the veranda of the hotel he took a place at the next table. When they ordered lunch he did the same, and he shadowed them to their very door in Brooklyn.

Next morning a messenger boy left two superb bouquets for them. They had quite forgotten their ancient Roman of the day before and supposing the flowers a tribute from some of their many admirers, carried them down to the Island with them that afternoon.

On the beach, in almost the same spot, was their old man of yesterday.

The scene was repeated at the hotel, until the lunch was finished. Then the venerable and evidently badly-mashed individual whispered something to his waiter. The latter brought a bottle of champagne and three glasses. Two of these he presented to the sisters, the third the old man retained.

Curious now to see how far he would go the girls drank, and got up to go. He followed them, as before, never venturing to address them. Next day a second edition of the bouquets arrived. To make a long story short, in fact, for nearly two weeks this performance kept up without a variation, until it lost its novelty and the girls were tired of it.

Then they found that they had gone a step too far. Do what they would their persecutor would not be shaken.

He took to writing notes, which he enclosed in the bouquets. These epistles were of one invariable tenor. Written on perfumed and tinted paper in violet ink, they said:

"Darling. Hasn't your Dodo waited long enough? Does 'oo want to break 'is poor 'ickie heart'?"

If the attentions of their devotee made them sick, his baby talk made them mad. And when, one afternoon as they came out of the water, he ostentatiously rustled a brand new and crackley hundred dollar bill in his palsied paw they went all to pieces.

There was a momentary pause, which the admiring crowd took advantage of to get a good look at the two prettiest bathers at Manhattan Beach.

Then there was a flash of gaily colored bathing dresses and pink flesh, and a shrill voice began to scream:

"Help! Help! Police!"

And before the bystanders comprehended what was happening an aged gentleman, in a very swell summer get-up, was being half drowned in the surf by two pair of strong white arms, while his hat, with an elegant brown wig sticking in it, started on a voyage to the South Pole.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the belles of Manhattan Beach have one admirer the less nowadays.

And what is more, they are glad of it.

### ON THE TOWN.

Dress, Glitter, Music and Hilarity—  
Rags, Gloom, Remorse and Sor-  
row.

The San Antonio Herald man works himself up into the following rhapsodical style over the death of a *jeune fille*:

"Ida Morton is no more. Twenty three years old at her death, the poor girl thirsted for life and clung to hope as the drowning sailor, catches in his hand a

stick and sticks to the caverns of the vastly deep holding still to hope.

The stars twinkled as brightly when Ida died as twinkled the glittering constellations over the dying couch of Bonaparte. He was a man of war, and carried destruction in his pocket; she, a loving girl, sinned; and the world, smiling at man's crimes, crowned him; it spits upon a woman.

The lampyrides fishing through the bushes and boughs; the mournful voices of night joined sadness with the watcher, and, unless things mortal move it not at all, heaven watched the dying girl and smoothed her pillow in the supreme hour.

Let him without sin condemn Ida.

If the world defiled her she is purified in the alembic—the grave—and he who wept over the world's woe, He, who could not die, but suffered death, will not allow the spirit of the girl to wander as she wandered here."

### DEVILISH DICK.

An Old Man Charged With Rape—Shocking Scandal in Morrow County, O.—  
William Dick Arrested for Ravishing His Granddaughter.

MOUNT GILE, O., June 17.—One of the most revolting crimes that defile the criminal annals of Morrow county, and it would undoubtedly not be exaggeration to say of central Ohio, was brought to light this morning, and in its nature reflects infinite disgrace upon the character of our once moral community.

For several months past Charles Bailey, a man of about forty years of age, with his wife and two little girls, one about three years of age, and another, Anna Bailey, aged six years, has taken up quarters in his father-in-law's (Wm. Dick's) family, just north of this city. Dick's family consists only of himself, now in his seventy-eighth year, his wife and daughter, Allie, thirteen years of age, whose mother is the present Mrs. Bailey. The name of this old man, Dick, notwithstanding his usual upright and Christian bearing, was several years ago dragged into unenviable publicity and made prominent in connection with some alleged relations with his stepdaughter, Mrs. Bailey, when the latter was only a girl.

JUST ENTERING HER TEENS, and at which time the child, Allie, was born, but which was blamed on other parties, but whether any former criminal charges were true or not, one was preferred this morning which, if proved, will put a climax to the criminal record of this notoriously lecherous old man. The charge, as preferred by Chas. Bailey before Mayor Powell, is that William Dick, on or about the 14th day of June, 1880, unlawfully and violently assaulted Annie Bailey, and forcibly and against her will ravished her.

By virtue of Bailey's affidavit Deputy Sheriff Sangord arrested Dick as soon as possible, and ushered him before Mayor Powell, who, after hearing the testimony of the old man and the little girl, the subject of his foul desires, bound him over to court in a bond of \$500. This bond, on account of the old man's decrepit condition, he being barely able to walk with two crutches, was considered sufficient.

The little girl, who is remarkably intelligent, told her story in a straightforward manner, and this, in connection with the old man's admissions,

FIXES THE CRIME OF RAPE on him almost beyond a possibility of disproof. Dick came to this city with the sheriff, unaccompanied by any member of his family, and without consulting an attorney went to the mayor's office and, seemingly unaware of its being rape in his case, with or without consent. The old man, in an apologizing tone, admitted all, except that he said it was upon request of the little girl that he did as charged. The little girl said that the first time it occurred was last Sunday, when she was taken to a barn by Dick, this occurring while the other members of the family were absent visiting. Next, she says, was while the folks were away, and lastly was last night, when she broke over her grandfather's mandates, and informed her mother, who, however, was not wholly unaware of the matter, but was afraid to tell her husband for fear he would kill the old man, but was finally constrained to do so, and Mr. Bailey could hardly be restrained last night by his wife from killing Dick, and early this morning he came to this city and purchased a revolver. Indignation runs high. The old man has the sympathy of no one, and the affections of even his wife have been alienated, she saying, as your correspondent was informed by Mrs. Bailey, that he ought to go to the penitentiary.

### A GENUINE HEROINE.

Rescuing her Father by a Daring Feat.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A correspondent describes a feat performed by a girl which has few equals for pluck: Passing along King street, Honolulu, we noticed a gathering of natives, in the centre of which was a middle-aged man of rather sickly aspect and a girl of some sixteen or eighteen years. Drawing near we found it was one of those who had been washed overboard from the Waioli and the girl was his daughter. He was relating their experience while overboard, about an hour and a half. When thrown into the sea the man had on heavy sea boots and thick clothing. After swimming awhile he began to find it difficult to keep above water, and told his daughter that he must soon give up—his boots would sink him. She encouraged him to persevere and she would try and rid him of the boots. She then dove beneath him, and after several attempts actually succeeded in removing his heavy boots, which of course fitted very loosely. She dove again and removed his thick woolen pants, which impeded his swimming, and then assisted him in getting off his pea jacket. Thus lightened he was able to keep his head above water until at length the vessel's boat came along and picked them up. Was not this a Hawaiian heroine?

## STRANGER THAN POETRY.

The History of Josiah Bouser, Husband  
to Two Wives and Indefinite Chil-  
dren.

Lo! these many years ago, in the gay metropolis of Paris, Illinois, one Josiah Bouser left his young and pretty wife, likewise a child, legitimate, and, under the influence of Horace Greeley, went west. He went west to seek a fortune, but it saw him first, and got away from him.

Weeks changed to months, and months to longing years, and, as the war came on, Bouser went further west and disappeared in the abstractness of the Pacific slope. He never was heard from, and, as it was generally believed that he was of a patriotic sentiment, the universal idea grew into a codified belief that he had gone under Zach Chandler's call to free Whittaker, and, failing to call the turn on confederate bullets, had departed in the enterprise to explore the region ignored and partly obliterated by Bobinjuresoul.

As his handsome wife sat meditating on the weather (this was before Vennor was dreamed of) she picked up Tennyson, and musingly meditated over the strange story of Enoch Arden. And when she read that Annie said she "would be a little wife for both" began to believe that Annie was about right.

One day, or rather one afternoon, when the peace of evening fell over the world, and as the buckwheat whitened in the western prairies, the brother of the dead husband—a twin brother at that—sauntered in upon the widow, and before he left arrangements were made and a marriage day fixed upon. Her second husband's name was Uriah—the only flaw in the romance, on account of the unhealthy odor which the fictional existence of Uriah Heep and the practical existence of Uriah Painter given to the name.

They were married and children resulted. Two or three years ago the wife died. A week or two ago Josiah Bouser, the first husband, arrived at the scene, looking for his wife and child. It would be cruel to suggest that he had advisedly stayed away until the death of his spouse, for she was universally regarded as both beautiful and intellectual; but, at any rate, he reached there too late. His son, who had grown to manhood, was absent at college, and his brother, made doubly kin by marriage, kept closely out of the way, as Bouser was a hot-tempered man and lively in the use of a pistol. He went through all the proper formalities; wept over his ex-wife's grave, ordered a finely chiseled tombstone, telegraphed to his son to come down and make it pleasant for him; and, as he is very well fixed financially, we have no doubt that at the present writing he is very popular with the sex feminine.

This little incident evidences the triumph of mind over matter, and the superiority of the average American as compared with the perfidious Albion. Enoch Arden came back a disabled tramp and died in a garret. Mr. Bouser waited till his wife died, returned solidified financially and a daisy with the girls.

### THE OLD STORY.

Tasting Forbidden Fruit and Paying  
the Penalty After With Disgrace and  
a Child.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 27.—Some eight years ago a young and blooming girl worked in the weaving room in one of the manufacturing establishments on the borders of the State. She was of a frank and confiding disposition and formed the acquaintance of many of her fellow-laborers in the mill who were older than herself, both in years and the ways of the world. Among these was a girl of an impetuous and reckless disposition and of attractive appearance, who had quite an extensive acquaintance with her own sex, and the opposite sex.

Eliza, the subject of this sketch, was soon introduced by her companion, Alice, to several of the young fellows about town, and one of these, a young man of good education, plausible manners and wealthy parents soon gained the preference in her esteem. Walks and rides, innocent enough at first, soon led to the usual results, and there was one more name added to the list of thoughtless girls who deem that to-morrow will be as to-day, and reck not the future. Her destroyer was liberal with presents, and Eliza soon entertained an aversion to honest labor. She became giddy than ever, her affinity grew jealous, and one fine morning she fled to the Hub along with a second nice young man, a friend of the first.

Her career in the City of Notions was somewhat varied. At times she attempted to gain a respectable living, but she was impatient of restraint and ever and anon resumed her dubious ways. Then as she grew older she became less attractive, and finally resolved to make an effort to break from old associations. With this view she came to this city and obtained a position as a domestic, giving good satisfaction to her employers. She was still good-looking enough to draw the attention of the opposite sex, and a driver for a firm in this city paid her assiduous court. The professed honorable intentions and her virtuous resolutions were finally overcome. A week or two ago she acquainted her fiancé with the fact that she was about to become a mother, and that her situation could not be much longer concealed. He responded to the announcement by drawing what money was due him, borrowing what else he could from his friends and acquaintances and skipping for parts unknown.

The poor girl in despair, homeless, friendless and penniless, wandered to Pawtucket, where she lodged for two nights at the police station. Finally, giving up all hope, she requested to be sent where she could be taken care of, and the officials committed her to

the State Farm for six months under an assumed name. And thus ends another chapter in the old story of woman's folly and man's perfidy.

### A "FISHER-OF-MEN."

The Wardrobe of a Demi-Monde Queen.  
Style That Has Cost Many Heart-  
aches—A Sensation on the Streets—A  
Fair Fiend.

Some women like to make a sensation on the street. One of them did and most successfully, last Saturday afternoon, at the hour when the matinees being just over, Broadway, from Twenty-third to Fourteenth streets, is crowded with the wealth, fashion and beauty of New York. On every street corner and in every store-door stand crowds of men who regard that day as one affording them a grand review of New York femininity, every bit of which is scanned with a keen and critical eye as it passes.

Fashion just now presents much gay coloring, and the number of bright turquoise blue and red, and yellow dresses make the most frequented promenades appear like gorgeous flower-beds. Therefore it is not the startling in hue that singles out any particular individual, but only adds to her personal charms some extreme novelty in matter of toilet, and it was this that one woman did with such effect that she had a procession after her like a band wagon, and was about as indifferent to its stares and loud comments as the aforesaid vehicle would be.

Imagine, then, a tall, queenly-looking woman with a full, voluptuous figure, walking with that soft and swaying grace that betrayed her Italian origin. Think of a

HANDSOME, PASSIONATE FACE, lit by great black eyes, and emphasized by straight, even brows. A complexion of roses and lilies so cleverly laid on that only the artist would recognize its artificiality, and then in abrupt contrast to eyes and skin, a mass of reddish auburn hair creped and drawn away down the oval face.

Picture this face and figure set off by a dress that fitted hardly less tight than the skin, and was wrought in exact imitation of fish scales, so exact that iridescent and gleamy one might have thought she had just robbed some denizens of the deep of their covering, and while yet wet with the salt water put it on.

The upper part of the garment which followed every curve and line of her rounded figure terminated in a singular fringe made of tiny minnows painted to the life, and attached to the dress by short pieces of cord, headed by a band of tiny starfish. Around the foot of the dress was a flounce of lusterless silk, just the color and cut in imitation of fish-fins. The boots were made of the dress material, and on the imperious head was worn a hat of artificial sea-weed, round which was twisted a miniature sea-serpent, entwined with a quantity of fish-tackle.

This extraordinary toilet was worn by the worst woman in New York, and Joaquin Miller said it was appropriately chosen for a "Fisher-of-Men."

This woman, to give whose name would only advertise her, is an Italian by descent, and of a type that must have hastened the fall of Rome. Not content with the men of prominence,

SHE HAS NETTED IN HER TOILS lads who have yet to cast their first ballots, one of whom, belonging to a well-known and wealthy family, shot himself a few months ago; and another who, driven almost to insanity by her treatment, and who is heir to a large fortune, is supposed a short time since to have married her.

His relatives are filled with alarm at his relationship with her, which they have found it impossible to break up, and, strange to say, not unfrequently he returns from his calls bearing marks of the beatings she gives him.

The stylish turnout with its tiger, footman and toy terrier wearing a collar of topaz; the diamonds worn in lavish display wherever they can be fastened or clasped; the luxurious abode in the shadow of a church; the toilets and caprices of this woman furnish constant food to the gossips, male and female, of the city. Who she really is and where she came from are only matters of conjecture, but her French is said to betray at least a residence in that country, though her features and accent are unmistakably those of an Italian.

The railroad magnate who at present gratifies her extravagant wishes is said to have told at his club that she was ten years ago a young actress in an obscure Italian theatre, who left the stage to marry a nobleman of high rank but no means, which luck made it easy for her to elope with a rich American tourist, who afterward brought her to this country, where she has wrought desolation, disgrace, ruin.

A tiger in the form of a woman, while she makes one believe in the truth of transmigration, she induces the wish that a jungle and a bullet might have been her lot.

### MANGLED TO DEATH.

A Helpmeet's Fatal Assistance—Sliced by  
Knives.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A terrible accident occurred near Republic, Mo., last Tuesday. Owing to the scarcity of harvest hands the wife of John L. Summer was driving the reaper in the wheatfield, when by some means she was thrown from her seat to the ground in front of the sickle, which mangled her most horribly. Her right arm was cut off below the elbow, her left arm nearly severed about the elbow, and the left side of her breast horribly cut. Her injuries were so serious that, despite the attendance of a surgeon, death ensued on the following night. Mr. John L. Summer was at work in another part of the field, and unaware of the nature of the accident, after considerable difficulty captured the team. He did not suspect the disastrous consequences of the runaway until he saw the blood upon the sickle. Mrs. Summer leaves five children, one a small infant.



**HELP! MURDER! OH LORD!**

**More Scared Than Hurt—A Thrilling Adventure While on a Moonlight Promenade.**

[Subject of Illustration.]

A romantic young man asked his sweetheart to take a walk with him by moonlight on the river bluff at East Dubuque, Iowa, recently. She went gladly. When half way up the extension they halted to admire the prospect. Suddenly a stone slipped underneath the young man's feet and he went down like a curtain-stick. He caught hold of some vines which clung to the rocks and hung on for dear life, expecting to fall a hundred feet and to be dashed in pieces on the rocks below. The young woman could not pull him up, so she fell on her knees and prayed for him. The young man united with her after this fashion. "Help! Murder! Oh, Lord! I know I'll be all broke up. Now I lay me. Confound it all, I forget. Oh, Jerusalem! I've got to let go pretty quick. Give us some daily bread. Oh, that ain't right! Oh, Lord! Send somebody to help me out of this scrape. Help! Thunder!" At this point he could hold on no longer, but went down. But not 100 feet. Only a few feet, for he landed on a ledge which neither he nor she had seen in their excitement. A small fragment of cuticle rubbed off his knee was his sole injury.

**DOSING A BOARDER.**

**A Pair of Young Ladies Treat a Cranky Lodger to a Dose of Rotten Eggs.**

[Subject of Illustration.]

Sam Gregory, a middle-aged bachelor, has for some time past boarded at the Leonard House, Ann Arbor, Mich. The Leonard House is run as a first-class hotel, and among the persons whose duties are to attend to the wants of the guests of the house are two young ladies whose deportment is beyond criticism, and who act as dining-room girls. Mr. Gregory was formerly inclined to be sweet on one of the above-mentioned ladies, but failing to inspire her with the tender sentiment, all his love turned to hatred, and he would take advantage of every opportunity while at table to ridicule the young lady. He practised his insolence to such an extent that she finally refused to wait on him, and the other young lady who succeeded her soon became the butt of quite as many insulting remarks as her predecessor. Two or three of the boarders left the table on this account. Finally the



**MAKING THEMSELVES SQUARE ON BOTH SIDES—A COUPLE OF LOVERS WHILE OUT ON A MOONLIGHT PROMENADE MEET WITH AN ADVENTURE —HE PRAYS, KICKS AND SCREAMS, SHE DITTOES; EAST DUBUQUE, IA.**



**A FOUL-MOUTHED BOARDER IS TAKEN IN HAND BY TWO KITCHEN MECHANICS AND TREATED TO A DOSE OF ANCIENT EGGS, ANN ARBOR, MICH.**

ladies came to the conclusion that such work must be stopped, and eggs were suggested as a good remedy. The ladies secured about two dozen buff Cochins bouquets (each number complete in itself) and about 9 o'clock, as Mr. Gregory was seen to leave the hotel, the ladies followed him about three blocks, and after getting within four or five feet of him began the attack from the rear. After the first volley he turned around just in time to get the second broadside. The third round took him square in the face. It is believed that not a single egg was wasted. Mr. Gregory succeeded in grasping his assailants just as the last shot was fired. This was anticipated, and reinforcements in the person of a gentleman (uncog.) compelled Mr. Gregory to loosen his grasp on the ladies, and they were soon beyond his reach. They succeeded in finding a j. p. and paid their fine, which was six cents and costs. Mr. Gregory went directly to the proprietor of the hotel, and the proprietor was cruel enough to say that it served him right. He has not changed his residence yet, and one of his assailants treated him to mutton chops and veal cutlet the other morning. The effect is being anxiously watched by a score of the girls' sympathizers.

**AN ELOPEMENT SPOILED.**

**An Exciting Chase After a Romantic Couple—A Would-be Bridgroom Whose Courage Failed at the Wrong Time.**

Miss Jennie Wilson, a daughter of a well-known mill owner at Mount Cuba, near Wilmington, Del., and occupying a high social position, took part in an escapade on Wednesday night last which she now



**A VARIETY ACTOR PLAYS HIS BANJO OVER THE HEAD OF HIS MISTRESS WITH SUCH STUNNING EFFECT THAT SHE GIVES UP THE GHOST; CINCINNATI, O.**

heartily regrets. Her father some time ago hired a young fellow named Joseph Leaf, from Baltimore, Md., to work in his mill. Having an attractive face and pleasing address, he soon ingratiated himself in the good graces of the family, and especially with Miss Jennie. The father dismissed Leaf as soon as he was made aware of the growing intimacy of the young couple. Miss Jennie was infatuated with Leaf, and expressed a determination to marry him. They met clandestinely, and made arrangements for an elopement. She left home during the absence of the family, first writing a note to her parents. The latter returned home sooner than was expected, and her brother was sent in pursuit. The couple were overtaken a few miles from Wilmington, and Leaf, at once realizing that capture was inevitable, forsook his fair innamorata, jumped from the carriage, and started on a run across country. In order to accelerate his speed several shots from a revolver were fired at him, all of which failed to hit him, and he succeeded in making his escape. The young lady was escorted back to her home a wiser, if not a happier girl.

**KILLED WITH A BANJO.**

**A Variety Performer and His Paramour Have a Tussle Before Retiring, in Which the Latter is Killed.**

[Subject of Illustration.]

William Condon was a variety performer until June 17th in a Cincinnati, O., concert saloon. He furnished the music, being a banjo-player. After his evening's work was done, Lou Perry, also a performer, accompanied him home. Before retiring they had a fight, and Condon struck Lou over the head with his banjo. The brass rim crushed her skull, and she died in half an hour. Condon was arrested and held for the crime.

**THE DEACON'S TUMBLE.**

**What the Paul Pry's of a Neighborhood Saw in a School-House—French Leave Accelerated by a Shot-Gun.**

There is considerable excitement in the town of Wheatland, Pa., growing out of an intimacy that has been existing for some time between a railroad agent and a young woman of that place. Although the amour has been carried on for a long time, it has been but lately made public. As the story runs, a couple of young men were scouting around to see what they could see and discovered that some person or persons were occupying the school-house at a late hour of the



**A BRAVE GIRL RESCUES HER DROWNING FATHER BY DIVING UNDER THE WATER AND BELIEVING HIM OF HIS BOOTS AND UNMENTIONABLES.—SEE PAGE 3.**

evening, and being on discoveries bent they entered and found the railroad agent and the young woman in a very compromising situation. The agent is a married man, and it is said a deacon in the church. The young woman is the daughter of very worthy parents, and is an alleged schoolmarm. The railroad man, who we will call "Bun," made overtures to the boys to keep mum, but they were not to be bribed. Bun has gone fishing, and it is hinted he will not return. His wife, who is a most estimable lady, is in great grief. An irate father is now hunting the lecherous deacon with a shot-gun.

**Billy Fields, Middle-Weight Champion.**

[With Portrait.]

The subject of our sketch is William Fields, of New York, Harry Hill's middle-weight champion. Fields was born in this state, stands 5 feet 8½ inches in height, and weighs 160 pounds untrained. He is well known in prize ring circles as the "Steel Man," is a clever sparrer, and claims to have fought glove fights with numerous well-known pugilists. He claims to have whipped Prof. William C. McClellan in four rounds with the gloves. Harry Hill is ready at all times to put Fields against any of the middle-weight prize fighters, and the latter is always willing to meet anybody, either with the gloves or the naked manly fists. Fields authorize us to state that he is ready to fight any middleweight in America with gloves, Queensbury rules, for \$5,000. Fields can be found at Harry Hill's at any time, ready to arrange a match.

In our next number we shall publish a portrait of Gus Hill, the world-renowned champion club swinger, who holds the club swinging championship of the world.



## SLAVE TO A DRUG.

What a Reporter Saw in an Opium Den—A Beautiful Woman's Passion—Sights that Made a Stunning Impression.

The city of Leadville with true Metropolitan spirit, keeps pace with her older sister cities in the various vices indigenous to civilization. Her latest addition is an opium den, which is thus described by a reporter of the *Chronicle*: The apartment is dimly lighted by a fumed oil lamp, and at first we can see nothing. But gradually our eyes accustom themselves to the light and we see, opposite, a bunk with curtains drawn close down to the edge. Here the curtain slightly parts and forms a slit sufficient to permit a well-moulded leg to dangle downward in plain view. It is the ravishing shape of a woman's limb, exposed from the rounding knee downward, the swelling calf gently tapering to a narrow ankle and encased in an embroidered hose of the most delicate flesh color, fastened with

A PAIR OF SILK GARTERS, which are just visible beneath the embroidery of the nether garments. The toes of the tiny foot rest lightly on the floor, and the languid position seems to be owing to the listless, apathetic attitude of the fair sleeper behind the curtains, through which we detect the faint gleam of the opium lamp. More than the bunk there is nothing in the room except a rude chair on which a costly dolman has been thrown, whose heavy jet trimmings sparkle brightly in the murky glare of the smoky lamp, fastened to the wall. Over the back of the chair hangs a thick veil and a summer walking hat, and under it we see a small boot that seems to form an excellent fit for the foot of the invisible sleeper behind the curtain. The potent fume of the opium strikes upon our olfactory nerves through the key hole, and we suddenly realize that what we are viewing is one of those mystic scenes which belong to the

HAREMS OF THE ORIENT, but which America is imitating with its usual rash and impetuous spirit—a beautiful woman enslaved to the demon opium and languishing under its terrible influence. We keep our eyes riveted on the shapely limb, spell-bound, watching with staring eyes and pulsating heart. The foot moves. From behind the curtain comes an ecstatic sigh, that seemingly conveys the infinite bliss of a loving heart, showing that the opium is exerting its miraculous effects and the sleeper's senses are whirling through the paradisaical scenes of its creation. Our companion, to whom the sight appeared to be no novel one, silently steals from our side and enters the first cabinet, as if he desires to leave us to enjoy the scene alone. Now the folds of the curtain are drawn aside by a hand that has the whiteness of wax, and a second tiny foot makes its appearance over the edge of the bunk, while we see fully revealed between the curtains, falling to either side of her, a lithe, supple form of wonderful grace, with

SWELLING BUST AND NECK of immaculate purity. The head of the fair opium fiend is bowed, so that we can accurately trace the part, from which the dark siren hair rolls to either side of the head in a series of small waves, while she rubs her eyes as just awakening from a long, sweet dream. She gazed around the simple apartment with a startled stare, and at last seeming to realize that her blissful experience was but the delusion of

her excited brain under the influence of the opium, she heaves a regretful sigh and lays back upon the hard pillow. The next instant she starts up again and this time her face comes within the circle of light, and her large, dark eyes, whose lustre is momentarily dimmed by the tears of the treacherous narcotic welled to the surface, are plainly revealed, their languid expression of pain, but for a certain unnatural touch that suggested a boding insanity, imparting an almost saintly cast to the classic contour of her marble features. To the eye of the watcher the sight of this ravishing beauty in a place like this, is as a dazzling vision of a fairy legend, seeming like the creation of an excited imagination, yet only a pic-

ture drawn from life. The curtains are suddenly closed and the fair siren has withdrawn from the sight of the key hole inspector.

## DARING DARLINGS.

A Harum-Scarum Feast in Whose Performance Two Venturesome Damsels Came to Grief.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Two young ladies named respectively Nellie Bird-sall and Etta McCabe, residing near Russian River, Cal., undertook recently, in a spirit of dare-devilry,

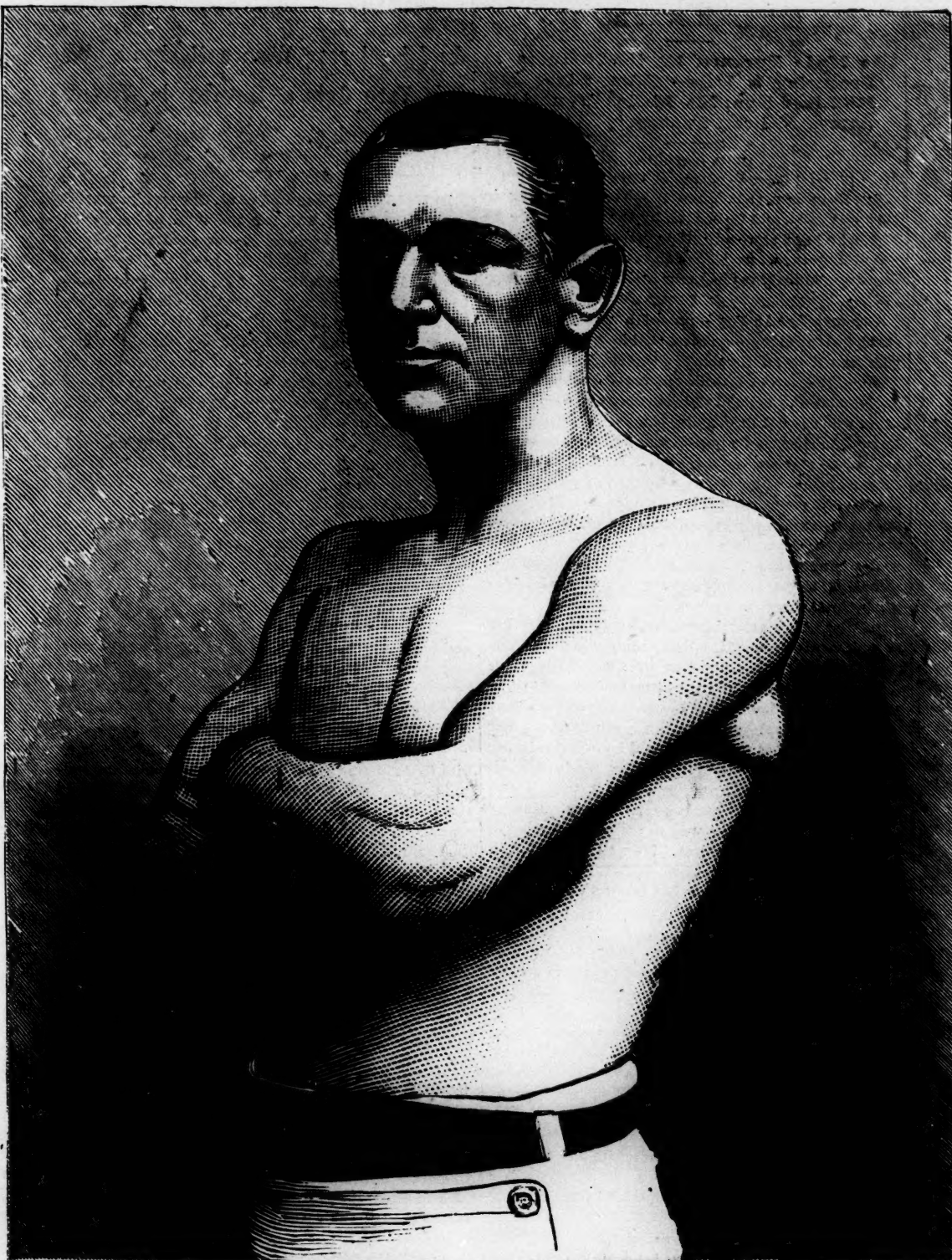
to cross a high trestlework that was being erected across a high canyon on an extension of the North Pacific Coast Railroad. Both being possessed of considerable nerve, they succeeded very well until they reached about the centre of the bridge, when a sudden gust of wind caused Miss Bird-sall to lose her balance, and she fell astride of the stringer on which she had been walking. With remarkable presence of mind she grasped one of the pieces of cross timbers and held on firmly until she recovered from the effects of the sudden fright she had received, when, with the assistance of her companion, who was scarcely less frightened than herself, she regained her feet, and the pair proceeded to retrace their steps, escorted by Mr. Ditson, the contractor, and one of his men, who had observed the accident from the other end of the bridge and had hastened to their assistance. After reaching terra firma Mr. Ditson placed the daring darlings in his buggy and drove them to their respective homes. It is hardly probable that they will ever again attempt such a foolhardy feat.

## ON THE RAMPAGE.

A Drunken Rough Assaults Two Old Ladies and Mauls One of Them to Death.

A young man named David L. Shank, twenty-seven years old and single claiming to be from Springfield, Ohio, had been working at blacksmithing at Port Jefferson, Ohio, for several weeks past, and on the 18th inst. stopped work and commenced drinking. He kept up his spree all night, and on the following morning, about 9 o'clock, proceeded to the house of Mrs. Ellen Inskip, near town, where an old widow lady, Mrs. Ann Line, sixty-nine years of age, had called to make a visit. Mrs. Inskip asked him who he was and what business he had there. He said he was God Almighty, and told the old lady to leave, and, seeing that the two women and four little children were all that were in the house, he seized Mrs. Line and threw her out of the chair.

Mrs. Inskip picked up a stick of wood to defend the old lady, when he ran them out in the yard. The fiend picked up a wash-tub and knocked the old lady down, and then seized a fence-rail and beat her over the head until she was dead, the blows of the ugly weapon causing three large gashes on her head, and her face being mangled in shocking manner. The murderer, not satisfied with his diabolical work, then proceeded to take the life of Mrs. Inskip, but her screams brought to her assistance a number of neighbors, and when Shank saw them coming he sprang over the fence and ran through a wheat-field to some woods near by. He was pursued and captured one mile from the scene of the murder, on the bank of the river, having just come out of the water after taking a bath. When the men came up to him he said: "Here is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased. I am not the man you are looking for, but he is over the river." He told the officers that he had a h-l of a fight up there and had killed Jeff Davis. The murderer was taken to Port Jefferson, where a crowd had collected for the purpose of lynching him, but he was rapidly driven to Sidney and placed in the county jail. He says that he is as cool as ever he was, and all he asks is a fair trial. The universal opinion is that he is only feigning to be insane, and that he was intoxicated when he went to the Inskip house.



THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE'S SPORTING GALLERY.

BILLY FIELDS, MIDDLE-WEIGHT PUGILIST—FOR RECORD OF HIS LIFE SEE PAGE 4.



DARING DARLINGS—A PAIR OF ADVENTURESOME DAMSELS ATTEMPT TO CROSS A TRESTLE NEAR RUSSIAN RIVER, CAL., AND ONE OF THEM LOSES HER BALANCE AND FALLS INTO RATHER AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.



## ONE OF THE GIRLS.

The Old, Old Story Told O'er Again.

### A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Seduced, Robbed and Cruelly De-serted.

### WHERE DOES SHE HAIL FROM?

A correspondent sends us the following rather sensational story:

PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 23.—Some six months ago there appeared in this city a gay girl, scarcely more than sixteen years of age. Her appearance was very bewitching, perhaps unconsciously so, for it did not seem that one so young could have learned the arts of her sisters to add to her natural attractiveness. In form and feature she was perfection—that is, perfection of a certain type—that of the petite order, and a blonde. Her eyes were large and lustrous, her teeth perfect, her face of a roundness and fullness suggestive of perfect health—an artist's ideal—while her dimples, and smiles and childish laughter were irresistible. When she appeared on the street her style carried all before her. Not only the heads of all the boys were turned, but staid and sober business men unconsciously found themselves looking back just to get a glimpse at the queenly little miss whom they undoubtedly thought to be the daughter of some member of our best society. She usually went alone in her daily walks, but on one or two occasions it was observed that an elderly gentleman accompanied her. Her appearance on the street has given occasion to various rumors. Every one knew her to be a stranger and her

#### REMARKABLE PERSONAL ATTRIBUTES

draw general attention toward her. About three days ago a certain young man determined upon finding out just who she was and where she stopped, and furthermore, who the elderly gentleman was who appeared so attentive to her. Waiting for them at a usual place of their promenade he soon saw the parties he desired. It was an easy matter to follow them to the Opera House, wait until the entertainment was over, keep behind as far as Westminster street and board a Broadway car. The couple alighted in the vicinity of Knight street and proceeded directly to what the young man referred to took to be a private residence. The lady's escort familiarly applied his night key and the couple entered, slamming the door after them. The gent saw the utter uselessness of attempting any further following of the trail that night, but on the morning following called at the house he had seen the couple enter the night before. The bell was answered by the servant—evidently the maid. Requesting to see the lady of the house he was given to understand that she was not at home, but if he would step in she would probably be back soon. The youth entered and was shown into a parlor handsomely furnished—indeed, the furniture looked as though it had been selected for its gorgeousness rather than for the display of any degree of taste. There was a profusion of lambrequins, and too many easy chairs and two sofas in the room; besides the walls were covered with pictures, big and little. It seemed that a child had been allowed to select the furnishings and had indulged in a lavish ordering of anything and everything that was

#### FLASHY AND ATTRACTIVE.

A piano stood at the side of the room, its top being filled with the sentimental music of the day, and "Little Buttercup" was upon the keyboard. Seating himself, the inquisitive person took up a photograph album, and the first turning of the leaves showed him the face of the young girl and the elderly gent whom he had frequently seen with her, and in fact this rather strange companionship first imbued the young man with the idea of learning who the couple really were. A conversation was struck up with the maid as to who the party were. She said that they were a married couple and were boarders; that they came from Boston and were going to Newport soon; that they were very fond of each other; had not been married long; they had just gone out for a walk and would be back soon. By dint of further inquiry it was learned that the gentleman had been boarding at the house for some two months, representing himself as a retired wholesale grocer, having done business in the west. Of late he had often spoken of the reception of his wife. The fact of his not mentioning that he was married when he first went to the house he

#### PASSED OFF AS A JOKE.

It has since been learned that the parties are not married, and that the girl is the daughter of respectable parents in Boston; that the hoary-headed Lothario is a Chicagoan and formed the young lady's acquaintance at the Hub last winter, and has since that time been corresponding with her; that he occupied the parlor and an adjoining bedroom, the former being furnished for his special benefit, the furniture having been picked out by him. A week ago Friday he said he was going to Boston and would return that day, but since that time he has not been seen. The girl is dangerously ill with a high fever, and continually raves of her folly, calling for her mother and "papa." The doctor in attendance says that the case is a dangerous one. During a lucid interval the girl said that she had been deceived; that she is a victim to a mock marriage; that she only received unquestionable proof of that fact about ten days since, and that her

revelation of her knowledge to her seducer undoubtedly is the cause of his sudden departure.

### A CHINESE MARRIAGE.

The Mode Pursued by the Chinese in Procuring a Wife—"You Likee Me, Me Likee You; Me Mallee You Allee Samee Melican Fashee."

[With Portraits.]

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June 19.—There is living in this city a certain Chinaman by the name of Lee Ah Foy, who has a store on Pacific street, near the corner of Dupont, where he has about a dozen of his own countrymen making cigars for a white firm of cigar-makers.

Although Lee Ah Foy is not of a very interesting species of the Mongolian race, still he is nevertheless very smart, and well versed in the English language.

Some time ago he became enamored of a certain celestial damsel, a belle of Chinatown, named Miss Ah Ling, who arrived in this city some time during last August, in charge of a person who was to take care of her until she arrived here, and could be taken in charge by her "husband," who had acquired that title by the payment of some \$300 for her in one of the many market places in China, which are held for the purpose of providing wives for those who may wish to purchase. They are sold at different prices, according to youth and beauty, and the number of wives is not limited.

On Miss Ling's arrival here, her husband placed her in a house on one of the many alley-ways of Chinatown, together with some four or five of his other wives, all of them under the immediate charge of an old woman, or "boss of the house." In the "ay time" she would be employed in making slippers for her "husband," and at night she could be found catering to the wishes of passers-by. Lee Foy made her acquaintance in this way and proposed marriage and was accepted by the young celestial beauty. Having been accepted, how he was to get spliced was the next obstacle to be overcome. He well knew that in trying to take her from her owner that he would be liable to get into trouble, and as he could do nothing alone without help, it would be useless to make any attempt to get possession of her. He called together some of his friends and related to them his feelings and wishes for the beautiful creature of his heart's choice and asked their advice in regard to what had better be done to get her. But after a while they came to the conclusion to get outside help, as it was dangerous work, and it required some one to handle things that knew how to do so in a proper manner. Lee Foy having set his brain to work, at last came to the conclusion that if he could manage to get a certain white man, who is a "limb of the law," that he most likely would be able to help him out with his "little game." So Lee Foy made a call upon this acquaintance and told his grievances and asked his advice and help.

The latter arranged the following plan: Lee Foy and three or four of his most intimate friends were to be in waiting at the lawyer's office and have a carriage with them, at half past 7 o'clock, and he would arrange everything else, even to procuring the necessary license.

All the arrangements completed, Lee Foy and his friends started for the residence of the bias-eyed beauty in a carriage. The neighborhood in which she lived was very shabby, and matters had to be done up with despatch and unnecessary rumpus. Miss Ah Ling was a chattel, and to steal her from her owners required great tact. The keeper of the house was on her guard, the presence of the lawyer and other Melican friends of Lee Foy making her suspicious and wary. Lee Foy boldly entered the house. The Chinese madame met him in the hall and forbade him to go any further. Lee Foy drew his revolver and gave her a whack over the head, whereupon she beat a hasty retreat. Being master of the field, a rush was made for Miss Ah Ling's room. Her wardrobe was gathered up, and in less time than it takes to write it she with her betrothed was out of the house and into the carriage. They drove straight to a parson's and were married "alle samee Melican" fashion. Lee Foy evinced his gratitude to those who had assisted him in procuring a wife by setting up a solid collation. There are some strange ways of getting a wife in this city, and Lee Foy's way is one of them.

### MISCEGENATION.

A Very Disgusting Case of White and Black—An Alliance That May be Broken by Tar and Feathers.

The small town of New Paris, Ohio, is enjoying a first-class sensation, in having in their midst a colored man with a white wife. Several months ago a big, swarthy negro by the name of John Wiggerstaff, accompanied by a white woman named Anna North, turned up in the town and set up housekeeping as man and wife, and lived along quietly and unmolested by any one until a few days ago, when the woman's stepfather visited the town for the purpose of having her leave the embraces of her dusky paramour and return to his house; but his entreaties were of no avail, and as a last resort he intimated that legal measures would be resorted to to force a separation. A council was held between the fair one and her dark-skinned lover, and they resolved to head the old man off. So they stole away and went over into Indiana, and, it is said, were united in matrimony. They returned to their home in New Paris, and are now living together as married folks do. The town is of a high-toned, moral class. They don't allow any whisky sold there, and everything is carried on in gingerbread style. The subject of the advisability of encouraging the social equality mania has about been divested of its romance by the presence of the big, dusky denizen and his fair wife showing up the folly to them. There is a great deal of indignation manifested by some of the citizens, while others think it all right.

## TOM SHANNON'S BRIDE.

An Adventuress Wins a Husband, Who in Turn Gets a Divorce in Twenty-five Minutes.

In 1840 Wilson Shannon, of St. Claresville, was the governor of Ohio, and Tom Shannon, of Barnesville, a brother of the governor, represented the Belmont county district in the Ohio senate. This Shannon was a jolly old bachelor when he entered the assembly. He was a fairly good looking man, possessing some wealth, and being withal a brother of the governor, he was considered by the fair sex what match-making would be mothers-in-law now call a "good match." He was also a great admirer of female beauty, and often boasted that he could appreciate all the beauties of virtuous womanhood.

Shortly after his entrance on his legislative career Senator Shannon had occasion to take a trip South, and on his return from Memphis, going up the Ohio, he met on the boat a beautiful woman with whom he became acquainted without the formality of an introduction. The woman—her name was, it is not necessary to state what—was of striking intelligence, sparkling wit, of magnificent form and wonderful beauty of the Southern brunette order.

#### SHE WAS HANDSOMELY DRESSED,

and her costly jewelry led to the belief that she must be possessed of considerable wealth. Tom Shannon became infatuated with her at once, and this infatuation deepened when she told him she was a planter's widow from near New Orleans, where she owned a large estate and numerous negroes. She further informed him that she was going north to Columbus, and was delighted to accept his proffered company. To cut this part of the story short, it suffices to say that the acquaintance progressed so rapidly that by the time the boat reached Columbus it had ripened into mutual love, and the two souls had been united in the bonds of wedlock.

Senator Shannon brought his bride to the American House, and there received the congratulations of his friends. But scarcely had the fact of the marriage become known before a rumor started, and rapidly flew from mouth to mouth, that his beautiful bride was an adventuress; that her Louisiana plantations were Utopian idealities; that her wealth consisted of multitudinous debts; and worse, that

#### SHE WAS AN OLD MISTRESS

of a well-known gambler then plying his trade in Columbus.

The next morning after this rumor had been circulated Senator Shannon and his wife entered the American house dining room, and were seated at a table directly opposite the gambler above spoken of. As they took their seats the gambler caught Mrs. Shannon's eye. She was seen to blush and bow. This confirmed the rumor. The fact that Shannon's wife, the sister-in-law of the Governor, was a prostitute, spread like lightning throughout Columbus, and the scandal was the sensation of the town. The politicians held an immediate caucus, at which it was decided that the evil must be remedied at all hazards.

In those days the legislature granted all the divorces. The caucus decided that Tom Shannon must be divorced from his wife.

This was on the same morning of the breakfast table scene, before the opening of the daily session of the assembly. Immediately after the reading of the senate journal a motion was made to suspend the rules for the introduction of a bill. This carried, a bill was introduced providing for Shannon's divorce. It was read three times, under suspended rules, and passed. It was then hurried over to the House and there passed in the same manner. The whole affair did not take twenty-five minutes. It was settled, probably, the quickest of any divorce case on record.

As for Senator Shannon, the affair was the cause of his death. He left the legislature at the exposure of the fraud and returned to his home in Barnesville. He was of a high, sensitive nature, and his brooding over his wrongs brought on a sickness from which he died about a year after his scandalous marriage.

### A BAD BROTHER.

A Visit Which Proved a Very Disagreeable One—Enjoying a Brother's Hospitality, and Then Eloping With His Wife.

WILLIAMSPORT, O., June 17.—An elopement took place here yesterday that, becoming known to-day, produced quite a sensation among our citizens. Elias Rychell, of Five Points, O., a place seven miles from here, left his home in 1869, and joined the regular army at Columbus, O., in March, 1872. He deserted the army and fled to the west, where he has since been engaged in prospecting in Colorado, and has during this time accumulated considerable money. After nine years' absence he returned home two weeks ago to visit his brother, William Rychell, near Five Points. During his absence his brother had married Stella Jenkins, an intelligent young lady. While Elias Rychell was visiting his brother, who was busily engaged in farming, there seems to have sprung up an intimacy between the two, which the husband did not notice at the time, but of which he now feels the sad results.

It now appears that the visitor had made arrangements with the lady to meet him here yesterday evening, and take the train for the west. Rychell bade the husband and wife farewell last Monday morning, and started for this place, where he awaited the arrival of his brother's wife. She told her husband yesterday morning that she wanted to visit a neighbor of hers who was lying dangerously ill. The husband gave her a horse to go, but instead of going

there she came to this place about noon, and, in company with Rychell, she went to a hotel, where they registered as James H. Tipton and sister. They took the first train west from here at 6:29 last night for Maysville, Colorado. The lady not returning to her home last night the husband went in search of her, but could hear nothing of her. He came to this place this morning to find that his wife had eloped with his only brother. He has two children, aged four years and eighteen months respectively. He is very much shocked at his wife's conduct, and has notified the officials in Colorado to arrest the guilty pair upon their arrival.

### MONEY WHICH LED TO A MURDER.

A Rich Discovery by Two Boys—Robbed of Their Treasure—The Solution of an Old-Time Mystery.

Much excitement prevails in the town of McKeesport, Pa., and its vicinity over the discovery by two boys of a large number of gold and silver coins in the bank of the Youghiogheny River at the foot of Fourth street, in that place, and the robbery of the boys of the treasure by a man whom they met as they were hurrying home with it in their hats. One of the boys, a son of Washington Taylor, a bright and truthful lad, says that he and a companion were digging in the bank with a small shovel, when he saw a coin in a piece of dirt that he threw out. Thinking there might be more money in the bank, they continued digging, and found enough coins to fill their hats. The coins were of gold and silver of different sizes, and were encrusted with dirt in a manner that went to show that the money had been a long time in the ground. Young Taylor put two of the coins in his pocket. As the boys left the river bank they saw a man approaching them, and they naturally acted in an excited manner. Their hats were very heavy with the coin, and their actions attracted the attention of the man, and he came up to them and demanded to see what they had in their hats. The boys were greatly frightened and displayed the treasure they had found. The stranger, who had a heavy red beard and red hair, the boys say, at once claimed that the money belonged to him, and compelled the boys to

#### HAND THE MONEY

over to him. He then started off down the river as fast as he could go. Young Taylor hurried home, showed the two coins he had put in his pocket to his father, and related the remarkable experience of himself and companion. Mr. Taylor at once sought the advice of Justice of the Peace Haney. The two coins proved to be silver dollars. The justice set two officers on the track of the man who had robbed the boys, and, the matter having quickly come to the ears of the public several citizens joined in the search for the man. No trace of him has yet been found.

The finding of this buried coin has recalled a tragedy that was enacted in McKeesport a quarter of a century ago, as the money doubtless is part of a sum that led to it. In 1856, George and Betsy McMasters, an aged and eccentric couple, lived in this village, in a small house that stood on the bank of the river. They were known to keep about the house a large amount of money in gold and silver, and had frequently been warned by neighbors of the danger they incurred thereby. A woman named Charlotte Jones was on intimate terms with the old couple and knew their habits. She had a friend named Henry Fife, and an intimate of his was a man named Monroe Stewart. One morning in the above year, old George McMasters and his wife were found murdered in their house, which had been ransacked and plundered of all

#### THE OLD COUPLE'S HOARDED TREASURE.

It was known that the woman Jones and Henry Fife had been at the house the night before, and had been seen to leave it at a late hour, and were subsequently seen in excited consultation with Monroe Stewart. The three were arrested, and when they were arraigned for trial, evidence most conclusive as to their guilt had been obtained. They were convicted and sentenced to be hanged. Fife made a confession, in which he acknowledged the guilt of himself and Charlotte Jones, but declared that Monroe Stewart was in no way connected with the commission of the crime. He said that the money of which they robbed their victims they had buried in the river bank at different places along the stream. Fife and the woman were hanged, but Stewart was reported to have died with the small-pox before the day of the execution of his sentence. This has been disbelieved by many, the theory being that Stewart was spirited away with the connivance of the authorities. It is said that he is still living in a western state, and was recently seen by a resident of Allegheny county. Search for the alleged buried treasure failed to reveal any of its hiding places. The treasure uncovered by the two boys is believed to be a portion of the wealth the possession of which was so fatal to old George and Betsy McMasters.

### A BOY FIEND.

Jesse Pomeroy Thrown in the Shade—A Boy who can Match Him in Crime and go Several Points Better.

[With Portrait.]

Walter Windsor, seventeen years old, has confessed the murder of Miss Amelia Potter, in Johnson, R. I. The murdered woman was about sixty years old, and for a long time had lived comfortable with an invalid sister on a small farm about eight miles from this city. Her body was found, nearly nude, in a disused cellar, the skull being completely fractured by a blunt instrument. Windsor says he called Miss Potter from her house to get some strawberries growing in an adjacent yard, and when she was going to the place with him he seized her by the throat with both hands, threw her to the ground and attempted an outrage, which she successfully resisted. He then struck her a dozen times on the head with a large piece of iron until she was dead, then dragged the body to a cellar where he threw it in.



## MURDERED.

### Marital Infelicity Which Led to a Mysterious Crime.

#### A SCENE OF TERROR.

#### A Struggle For Life That Proved Unsuccessful.

#### CLOSING A BLOODY ACCOUNT.

Another horrible and probably double murder has disgraced the history of Marion county, Ind., the facts concerning which were brought to light on the 19th. There is considerable mystery surrounding the tragedy, and as yet no reasonable suspicion has been directed against any person, but it is probable that in a day or two the real culprits will be arrested. The facts in connection with the murdered man and his wife, as nearly as can be ascertained, are as follows:

About four years ago a colored man, giving his name as John Williams, removed to Lawrence, a town out on the Bee Line Railroad about ten miles. His wife, or the woman who claimed to be his wife, was apparently perfectly white, although when taxed with this she claimed to have African blood in her veins. They lived together at Lawrence, he working on neighboring farms, she doing washing, for about three years, occasionally spending a part of the winter months in the city. It soon became notorious that Williams shamefully

BEAT AND ABUSED HIS WIFE, and the neighbors protested so emphatically that he determined to move into the country where he would be free from troublesome interference. Accordingly, last winter he went to chopping wood on the farm of James Thomas, one mile south of Lawrence, remaining there until the spring, when he released a small clearing in the midst of a dense wood and went to live there. Since then but little was known of him and his wife, except when they were seen in the village.

The first discovery that a horrible crime had been committed at the Williams house was made accidentally. About 1 P. M., Friday, a colored man and woman, evidently in a state of excitement, came to the residence of Mr. Thomas and told that gentleman's family that they had come to visit Mr. and Mrs. Williams, that they had found the latter terribly cut and bruised, and apparently in a dying condition. The strangers then took their departure without awaiting further developments. The Thomases and some other neighbors who had been called in, hurried to the house of Williams, where a terrible sight was disclosed to them. Mrs. Williams was found lying upon the floor in an unconscious condition, with her head and face badly cut and mashed in, and her body covered with innumerable bruises. The skull was fractured in front and behind, and her arms were very badly bruised, which it was supposed she received in

#### WARDING OFF THE BLOWS.

When asked who had hurt her, she repeated several times "George," but afterwards said John. She was very delirious, and did not seem to thoroughly understand the questions that were asked her. In the house and yard were evidences of a terrible struggle. Blood covered the floors and doorsteps, what little furniture there was in the room was knocked over and broken, large quantities of hair, which had evidently been torn in handful from the poor woman's head, were scattered here and there, and it was thought she had struggled hard for her life. That she had been left for dead was equally evident, and it is indeed wonderful that she has so long survived such terrible injuries. The instrument with which the assault was committed was an ordinary mattock used in grubbing, one end of which had been broken off, leaving a rough, blunt surface, which was covered with blood and hair. The first theory of the crime was that Williams, whose wife whipping propensities were proverbial, had attempted to kill his wife, and then fled to the city, and this opinion was so general that but little attention was paid to it. Later in the day, however, William's horse was found dead in a lane about one-half mile west of the house, with a bullet through his head and his throat cut. The only theory that would account for this was that Williams, after leaving home, had got the colored man and woman mentioned to go back and see how badly his wife was hurt, that he had followed them, and, after discovering that she was dangerously wounded, had killed his horse to divert suspicion from himself, and then fled. But even this theory was rudely dispelled by subsequent discoveries.

Friday morning, about 8 o'clock, William Grose, a farm-hand on the Thomas Place, while walking near where the horse was lying, saw Williams's hat on the ground. This convinced him that Williams had been foully dealt with, and he determined upon further investigation. Calling William Brown and his brother, who were plowing in a neighboring field, the three started in the woods. After going about one hundred yards they saw a shining object a short distance in front of them, which, upon further investigation, proved to be

#### JOHN WILLIAMS'S BODY.

in a horrible state of decay. The clothes had been torn off, and both hands and the face were badly eaten by the hogs. Then for the first time they found out that their story concerning the assault upon Mrs. Williams was probably fallacious, and the discovery of the dead body of her husband only made the matter more mysterious. A close examination of the re-

mains disclosed five bullet-holes in Williams's back, the relative positions of which corresponded exactly with holes in the coat which had been torn off and laid at some distance from the body. From the fence to the body tracks were plainly discernible. They were those of Williams, who wore heavy shoes, and two other men, one of whom wore a No. 7 boot and the other probably a size larger, on the heels of which were steel plates. From the relative positions of these tracks it was evident that Williams was pursued by two men who had shot him in the back while running, which was corroborated by the fact that Williams, when found, was lying on his face, evidently having fallen forward. Who these men were still remains a mystery.

The body had evidently laid there for several days, and it is almost certain that the murder was committed Wednesday evening. The last seen of Williams was that evening at 6 o'clock, when he left Lawrence on his horse with a basket on his arm, saying he was going to the house of Mr. Clark to get some cabbage plants, and his body was found on the road to that gentleman's house, with the basket near by. The assault on Mrs. Williams was probably made at about the same time, as she was seen but a short time before by the neighbors.

Mrs. Williams is still in a very precarious condition, and her ultimate recovery is doubtful. She is delirious all the time, and there is but little hope of her being able to testify concerning the murder.

#### HE HAS NO FATHER.

But "Grown up" Like Topsy—Jessie Does Not Raise a Stamp, and Benjamin is Happy—The End of the Hill-Raymond Seduction Suit.

The celebrated case of Miss Jessie Raymond against Senator B. Hill, action for damages for alleged seduction, came to an abrupt termination at Washington, D. C., on the 19th inst., and the paternity of little Tommie is left in a state of doubt and uncertainty. The case came up in the special term before Justice Wylie on a demurrer filed by defendant's counsel. Mr. Davenport called attention to their demurrer, to the declaration of Miss Raymond to the effect that the bill was bad in substance, and that the complainant had no ground for action. Mrs. Lockwood, counsel for the complainant, said she was not ready, and asked a continuance, as she had not even seen the papers. The court said she had not shown good cause for a continuance, and he would hear the case. He read the demurrer, and said the papers clearly indicated that there was no case. There was no law there to compel the defendant to support the complainant's child, even if her declaration was true, and he did not see that she had any redress. He was inclined to sustain the demurrer, but he might allow counsel to file a motion to strike out the judgment. The court intimated that he accorded Mrs. Lockwood this privilege mainly on account of her sex, whereupon Mrs. Lockwood said she did not want it because she was a woman, but on the grounds of right and justice. Mr. Davenport insisted that that the bill should be dismissed. The court then sustained the demurrer and gave judgment for the defendant, remarking that where a person was willing in such cases there was no ground for damages. Mrs. Raymond was the only one of the parties to the suit in attendance. She sat in the ante-room with little Tommy in her arms and could easily hear the proceedings of the court. She arose when the court was giving the decision that left her little boy without a legal father, and walked into the court-room, where she proved an object of much interest. She listened attentively to the remarks of the court, and left hurriedly when it was all over and she knew she could no longer hope for the \$50,000 for which she had brought suit.

#### "LETTING HIM WAIT A LITTLE."

The Point at Which a Headman Paid a Debt of Revenge—Time Rights All Things—The Terrible Manner in Which an Executioner Got Square.

The Paris *Figaro* has lately told a terrible story of a headman's revenge. Fourteen years ago the murderer Avinain was condemned to death. When, on the morning of his execution, Monsieur le Paris entered his cell for the purpose of making the usual preparations for conveying him to the scaffold, the culprit received him with an outburst of abuse, couched in the foulest imaginable language, to which the "executioner of high works" listened impassively, apparently paying no particular attention to the torrent of insults and imprecations that flowed from Avinain's lips. Arrived upon the scaffold, however, he bound his "patient" to the plank, and then deliberately lowered the death-dealing knife to within a few inches of the murderer's neck, examined its edge, raised it again to its usual height, and finally loosened the catch, with the customary result. As the remains of the decapitated assassin were being removed from the scaffold, one of the officials present observed to the executioner that he had not performed his task as quickly as usual. "No," replied the latter, with an indescribable smile: "I let him wait a little!"

Experience had taught the practised headman how dire is the agony of the last few moments preceding the dreadful passage from life to death; so, mindful of the wrong inflicted upon him by the doomed man's insults, he avenged the outrage with hideous completeness by "letting him wait a little."

#### Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

The talented lady whose portrait occupies a place in our columns this week is Miss Emma Ross, a bright particular star in the theatrical firmament. She has worked her way step by step up the ladder of fame by native talent and perseverance. Her aptitude for her profession is of the first order, and she can be counted on to yet occupy a still higher place in her calling.

## THE GAZETTE MUSEUM.

### A Collection of Curious Facts, Fancies and Figures, Specially Prepared for Inquisitive Readers.

A MAN swimming in a gully, formed by recent rains, in Rock county, Wis., the other day, caught hold of what he thought was a root projecting from the bank, but which proved to be the tusk of a mastodon. Excavations are to be made in the hope of finding further remains of the animal.

A MAN in Springfield, Mass., whose child was sick, telegraphed the other day to his brother-in-law in a Berkshire town that it would die, probably during the night, and he wanted a grave dug and arrangements made for a funeral. The brother-in-law made all haste to dig the grave and attend to the other matters, but the child yet lives. Its father has written to his brother-in-law to allow the grave to remain open for a while, as the child, though improving, may yet die.

A TELEGRAM came to the Wesleyan Female Seminary at Cincinnati for Miss Mary Beach, daughter of a state senator, saying that her father had died suddenly of apoplexy. The school officials gave a ready assent to her speedy departure, and did all they could to soothe and assist the seemingly grief-stricken girl. She was joined at the depot by a young man whom she introduced as her cousin. He really was her sweetheart, and had sent the message according to a previous understanding with her, not because her father was dead, for he was not, but to enable her to get out of the seminary and elope with him. They were married before the fraud was discovered.

The biggest brute in the small state of Delaware is a farmer who lives near Bridgeville. He mislaid his pocketbook containing a little over \$6, and accused his hired man, Ezekiel, of stealing it. Ezekiel said he didn't. The farmer insisted that he must have done so, and calling two of his neighbors to his assistance, he tied Ezekiel's hands, placed a rope around his neck, throwing the other end over the limb of a tree, and with many oaths threatened to hang him. In order to emphasize his remarks he gave the rope a pull. Finally, after tying him to the fence and threatening to shoot him if he attempted to escape, the farmer went into the house and found the pocketbook just where he left it.

A PARIS authority on American affairs tells the following truthful story about an adventure that befel the dancer, Sagall: "Once, when a manageress of a traveling circus in the wilds of Ohio, she was attacked by a band of Sioux Indians, led by the redoubtable Sitting Bull. Everybody fled, and in the consternation and despair, many persons being drowned in the tempestuous waves of the mighty Amazon. Suddenly this heroine sprang upon an unsaddled horse, rallied around her P. T. Barnum and a few other employees, and with a revolver in hand attacked and dispersed the red devils. Kansas City rewarded her with a commemorative medal, and Col. Bufalobill, of Lieutenant-General Sheridan's staff, knelt at her feet and offered her his hand and fortune."

ONE of those rough-clad, big-hearted miners who come into Santa Fe occasionally to lay in a supply of grub stepped into the post office of that town recently and seeing in the window three letters held for postage picked one up, and looking at the address said in a tone of great astonishment, "Why, this is for a lady in Denver!" "Yes," said the clerk. "And you are holding it here!" in a tone of great astonishment. "Why, of course," answered the clerk, "don't you see it hasn't any postage paid?" In a tone of utter contempt for a man who would not forward a letter to a woman, paid or unpaid, the miner said, "Give me some stamps." It was done; he carefully put stamps on all letters in the window, putting two on that of the feminine gender to make sure that it would go all right, and stalked out of the office with the concluding remark hurled at the head of the astonished Pino Pinito: "Strikes me there's some mean people in this town!"

MONO COUNTY, Cal., is full of mountains, mules, teamsters and grizzlies. The latter roam contentedly about, seeking whom they may devour. A few days ago a Bridgeport teamster, who had in charge an eighteen-mule team and a heavy load of freight, was delayed several hours in his progress by a grizzly. He had hauled the heavy wagon to the top of a hill and left the "back action" at the foot. It being about dinner-time he left his team and returned to the foot of the hill to take his lunch, and was seated on the load enjoying his frugal repast when there appeared at the rear of the wagon a huge grizzly. The animal saw the teamster on top and walked about surveying the scene. The man on top had no firearms, and was in a moment confident that he was in a state of siege. To get off his load and run was folly, so he sat and surveyed his enemy. The bear seemed to enjoy the situation, and was not at all worried. Occasionally he would sit on his haunches and look at the teamster and then content himself by picking up the pieces of lunch thrown to him. In the meantime the teamster grew nervous, fearing that it was a "game game" with him. His wife and children in Carson were thought of, and the trip to Bodie seemed dubious. The animal remained there about two hours, and concluding that it was of no use to stay, walked off to the wooded hills. The teamster made for the wagon on the hill, and the few gray hairs that are now seen distributed among his raven locks are attributed to his interview with bruin.

#### BEAUTY AND THE BFAST.

The Revelation of Beauty Which was Made to a Tramp.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There are bright spots in the most gloomy conditions of life. No matter how strong the combination

of unfortunate circumstances which may surround one, there will come moments of such perfect happiness that everything unpleasant is forgotten. Such an occasion has happened to the miserable tramp whom our artist has depicted on another page. His lot in life—he may have made it so, and then again he may not, is far from being a pleasant one. Without a friend to confide in or spot that he can call home, he wanders up and down the earth a pariah of society. He is pursuing his lonely way through a piece of woodland, and makes a discovery, one which is well calculated to surprise any one, let alone one of his calloused breed. A young lady of romantic tastes has wandered into the forest to commune with nature and a novel, and under the influence of both has fallen asleep. Mr. Tramp happens upon the scene, and for the moment is bewildered. And well he might be with so much loveliness lying around loose in such a place. After feasting his eyes upon the picture presented he wandered on, too considerate to disturb the fair sleeper. If reports from all over the country are true concerning his fellows he was a big improvement on his kind in so doing.

#### TWO FAMILIES OF VERONA.

A Scandal Which has Blighted two Happy Homes—Gone West to Grow Up With the Country.

Verona borough, Pa., that rarely has aught to disturb its serenity save an occasional boat race, has been reveling in a little scandal for some days past, that has kept the gossips very busy. There has resided in the village for years a mechanic, who at all times did not follow his vocation of a mechanic, but performed duties less arduous. He is a married man, the present being his second wife. By the first wife he was blessed with four children, three boys and one girl, now a buxom lass of seventeen. By the second wife there are four children, the eldest a boy of twelve, the youngest but fifteen months old. The wife states that for some time, prior to June 1, she suspected her husband's infidelity, but did not know who was the partner of his guilt, if guilty he was until that date. She heard many rumors and whispers connecting his name with the wife of a well-known mechanic, but knew nothing positively. The wife is broken down in health; still nurses a babe at the breast, and if half her story is true is entitled to much sympathy. On Tuesday, June 1, as he was leaving the house his daughter Emma called the mother's attention to a bundle concealed under his coat. She then attempted to gain possession of it but did not succeed, although she discovered it was

#### A PAIR OF LADIES' GAITERS.

These, she says, were intended for the woman whose name had been so often mentioned with his. His eldest son says the father stated he bought the shoes for his wife, but concluded he would not give them to her until she got in a better humor, but the wife scouts this and produces a picture which she got from her husband's pocket that is a group of which he forms the central figure and two well-known married women, one of them the lady already referred to, complete the setting. There was also a sewing machine and a number of dishes belonging to the lady with which rumor connected his name, in the house of the husband. His wife detected him during the night removing these articles, and a scene occurred. She smashed some of the dishes and told him he might take them to his "kept." He put several shirts into a valise, kissed the children good-by, and went out into the rain. He was not seen again in Verona, as going to take a better humor, but the wife leaves his family in a destitute condition, the little homestead mortgaged, and the children without much clothing to wear or bread to eat. He has written once since his departure, not to his wife, but to his son, saying he was traveling, and asking him to care for the family until he got settled and could do his share.

A few days previous to his departure there was a separation in the household of the mechanic, whose wife had also been

#### CHANGED WITH INFIDELITY

by the tongue of rumor. She packed up most of the household good and departed for the home of friends at Kittanning, and after man and woman had both left it was whispered around that they had flown together. It was her furniture and her dishes that he had in his possession, and the shoes, the wife says, were intended for this woman. The husband of the lady who went to Kittanning says he bade her to go because she would insist upon associating with a niece whom he deemed very objectionable company, who lived in East Liberty. Thus have two homes of Verona been desolated and several hearts been wrecked. It may be that the wife will come back as pure as she departed, but just now there are many skeptics on this point.

#### "OH! THE HORRID MAN!"

A Sight That Proved Too Much for a Sensitive Old Gal.

[Subject of Illustration.]

John Simpson is in trouble. And the way it came about is this: He went to South Beach for a day's pleasure, and after rambling about the picturesque country around that resort concluded to take a bath. Finding a quiet, unfrequented spot, he disrobed and put on an abbreviated pair of tights just to be safe should any one happen to intrude upon the place selected. It seems that an old spinster and her niece, possessed of the same desire for privacy as John, had wandered upon the place. After disporting himself in the water he came upon the beach just as the trio hove in sight. A man in such scanty apparel was too much for the antiquated maiden, and she collapsed—or pretended to. When she recovered she went back to the hotel, and John followed and was met by a warrant sworn out by the sensitive old gal, charging him with indecent exposure. Bail was secured, and in good time his trial will come off.





"OH! THE HORRID MAN!"—AN OLD MAID AND HER NIECES ENCOUNTER A BATHER ON THE BEACH, AND HIS SCANTINESS OF APPAREL PROVES TOO MUCH FOR THE DELICATE FEELINGS OF THE AGED DAME, AND SHE FAINTS DEAD AWAY; SOUTH BEACH, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 7.



"TAKE THAT FOR YOUR PRESUMPTION"—A FEMALE VIRAGO FLINGS A BIBLE AT THE HEAD OF A JUDGE WHO HAD GIVEN HER A HEAVY SENTENCE: PHILADELPHIA, PA.—SEE PAGE 10.



A FARMER'S WIFE WHILE DRIVING A MOWING MACHINE IS THROWN FROM THE SEAT IN FRONT OF THE KNIVES AND MANGLED TO DEATH; NEAR REPUBLIC, MO.—SEE PAGE 3.



A FRENCH ACTRESS WHILE ENJOYING A BATH IS VERY NEARLY SUFFOCATED BY THE BURSTING OF THE GAS-FIXTURES IN THE ROOM, AND ONLY ESCAPES THROUGH THE TIMELY ARRIVAL OF HER SERVANTS UPON THE SCENE.—SEE PAGE 2.





DRINKING BEER AT LION PARK.

NOONTIDE PHOTOGRAPHS OF LIFE IN GOTHAM—PROST!—THE JOLLY TEUTONS OF MANHATTAN OUT ON A CONVIVIAL RACKET—GAMBRINUS BEING PRESENT ONLY IN SPIRIT THEY INSTALL A DIZZY BEAUTY AS HIS REPRESENTATIVE, AND DRINK HEALTH, WEALTH AND PROSPERITY TO FATHERLAND.—[SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY THE GAZETTE'S SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 15.]



## THE END.

**A Life Which Begun With Brilliant Hopes and Ended With Terrible Gloom.**

**A DRINK WITH DEATH.**

**What Broke a Father's Heart and Blighted a Happy Home.**

**THE MEANEST MAN IN THE VALLEY.**

Robert Dinsmore, a farmer, about fifty years of age, lived with his family near West Middleton, Washington county, Pa., in 1867. He was possessed of a fair fortune. Late one night in the summer of 1867 he was called from bed by a loud knock at his door. He opened the door on a crack and peered out. Two men, one large and the other a stripling, stood on the steps. They asked the way to the house of a neighbor Dinsmore. As he was giving them directions how to reach there, the large man threw himself suddenly against the door and forced it open. Dinsmore then saw that their faces were black. They demanded a sum of money that they said the farmer had in the house. Dinsmore at once seized the larger man of the two, and, being a powerful man, overpowered him. By the aid of his companion, the surprised robber was enabled to extricate himself from Dinsmore's grasp, and the two strangers ran into the kitchen and attempted to escape from the house by a window. Dinsmore's wife and daughter had arrived on the scene with lights, but were so frightened that they could not make any outcry for help. Dinsmore followed the robbers and attacked them again. The struggle was renewed, and the younger of the two desperadoes seized a butcher knife that lay in a cupboard, and attempted to stab the farmer. The latter ward off the blows, and struggled desperately with the two. During the encounter, it was discovered by the

### TWO FEMALE WITNESSES

of the affray that the men were not negroes, but were only disguised as such, the black they had on their faces being rubbed off in the struggle. Finally, the elder of the robbers drew a revolver and shot Dinsmore dead. The two men then made their escape.

As soon as the members of Dinsmore's family recovered sufficiently from their terror, word was sent to the authorities at Washington, and officers were sent to investigate the affair. A boot-heel was found in the kitchen. This had evidently been detached from a boot belonging to one of the guilty men. The ground was soft from recent rains, and in the morning the tracks of the two men were plainly seen leading away from the house. The track made by the boot without a heel was easily followed. It led to a house in the village of Washington. A notorious ruffian named John Fogler boarded in the house. He was found in bed. A pair of muddy boots stood by his bedside. One of the boots was without a heel. The heel found in Dinsmore's kitchen was tried to the boot. It fitted exactly. Fogler was arrested at once. He was identified by Mrs. Dinsmore and other members of her family as the man who had shot her husband.

The leader of the Washington County Bar at that time was the Hon. William Montgomery. He was a member of Congress from 1856 to 1860, and earned a national reputation by his debates on the Lecompton question, taking Stephen A. Douglas's side of the matter, and making the memorable reply to Curry, of Alabama. His speeches on the Nicaraguan question, in reply to Quimán, of Mississippi, were also widely quoted and commended as masterly presentations of international law. He was a delegate to both the Charleston and Baltimore Democratic National Conventions in 1860. He was

### A MAN OF GREAT WEALTH.

and lived with his wife and son in an elegant home, near Washington village. His son was sixteen years old in 1867, and although well educated, having almost unlimited means at his command, and having the finest social and business prospects before him, he was given to the companionship of dissolute men, and chose their habits.

After Fogler's arrest search was made for his companion in crime, but no trace of him could be found. It was finally remarked that William Montgomery, Jr., had not been seen around the village for several days. It was learned that he and Fogler had been together the night of the murder, and that he had left home a few hours after Fogler's arrest was announced. While people generally could not bring themselves to believe that the boy was the accomplice of Fogler, the authorities were certain that he was. He was traced to West Virginia and at last arrested and brought back to Washington county. So great was the public sympathy for the father of young Montgomery that every member of the Washington county bar volunteered to defend his son. Prominent among these were Colonel R. M. Gibson and William McKennan, now Judge McKennan, of the United States Circuit Court. Fogler and Montgomery were given separate trials. Fogler was tried first. He was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. As Montgomery's trial advanced public opinion was turned against him. Although Mrs. Dinsmore and her family positively identified the young man as the companion of Fogler and other circumstances pointed

with terrible directness to his guilt, he was acquitted on the testimony of two witnesses, who swore to an alibi. Fogler was hanged, and on the gallows made a confession in which he solemnly averred that Montgomery was his accomplice. The community were entirely convinced of his guilt before that, and following his acquittal an investigation into the manner in which the testimony as to the alibi was produced led to the debarment of two of Montgomery's counsel—Leroy Woods Taylor and James B. Ruth—from their privileges as attorneys. They were promising and

### BRILLIANT YOUNG MEN.

and their disgrace resulted in the death of both of them in the course of a few months. Young Montgomery was shunned by all classes. His father was broken down by the moral certainty that his son was a murderer, and died in 1871. He left his unfortunate boy a fortune of \$75,000, with an appeal to him to forsake the mode of life he had chosen and go to some distant part of the country and become a new man. The young man's mother, once the life of Washington society, became almost a recluse in her elegant home, and lives there yet, a prematurely aged woman.

During the trial of Montgomery his counsel referred to him frequently in addressing the jury as "this babe." As soon as he was free Montgomery plunged into all kinds of excesses, and from the allusion above was given the name of "Babe" Montgomery by his vicious companions, and by that name he has been notorious throughout this part of Pennsylvania and in the Ohio Valley for the past thirteen years. He has figured in many shooting affrays in this city, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Indianapolis, and his name appears on the police records of all these cities in connection with numerous petty crimes. No man that ever followed his course of life ever used liquor in such excess as he. During all his time he used only a very small portion of his inheritance, and that only to settle some of his most serious difficulties. He has forced a living out of his dissolute companions, and was always known as the "meanest man in the valley." On Wednesday he was in Reading. He was exceedingly drunk. While taking a drink at the White House he fell to the floor. He was carried to the city hospital, and in ten minutes was a corpse. His wealth will revert to his mother, whom he occasionally visited.

### NEARLY NAKED.

**Returning to First Principles—How the Fanciful Fair Tog Themselves Out at the Watering Places—The Black Crook Eclipsed for Nudeness.**

The Philadelphia *Mirror* is shocked by the absence of modesty which distinguishes the belles of the watering places this season, and then describes their style of dress: There are every season at Cape May and Long Branch women so attired for the water that if, in France, they ventured forth they would receive the stern attention of the police. We recall the appearance of a young married woman—a lady admitted to society in Philadelphia—as she came from her bath-room one noon at Cape May. She had on the regulation stage tights, from her waist down, and the body of her dress fitted her as closely as the legs, while her head was adorned with a skull-cap of loud colors and trimmings, making her an object to startle the most experienced roué. She left nothing whatever to the imagination. She was less clothed than was ever the Menken as "Mazeppa," yet there was no blush upon her cheek as she gave her naked arm to the man (not her husband) who went with her into the intimacy of the surf. This lady would have shuddered at the thought of raising her dress above her knee to cross Chestnut street, but she had no shame in going almost nude in the presence of hundreds of men, women and children, and doing her utmost by her manner and the arrangement of the little she had on to advertise her boldness.

Five years ago the feminine arms and legs and busts were as carefully kept from view at the seaside as they were in the cities, for we had not reached the strange conclusion that there is one standard of modesty for summer and another for winter. Indeed, ladies were more modest at the resorts. The city ball dress was always lavish in its revelations, while the bathing costume concealed everything and suggested nothing, and even at night for the hop there was not the recklessness of the town ball dress. To-day nine women out of ten discard the old style bathing costume and don the new-fangled one, their legs in stockings and tights, and, occasionally, even without either of these, with no more concern than when, as babes on their mother's lap, they kicked about their plump limbs in infantile glee. Whatever of bashfulness still remains to them they leave on the shore, and in the water are ready for anything. They mount on men's shoulders and dive therefrom; they are ducked and floated and hugged by fellows of whom, not unfrequently, they know nothing at all, and to whom they are often introduced but ten minutes before. If you can imagine a "Black Crook" ballet corps standing on their heads and keeping time to the music of "Orpheus" with their nether extremities, you would agree that they would give a fair duplicate of the scenes presented daily, over and over again, during the fashionable bathing hours along the Jersey coast.

The men, too, deserve censure. In their short bathing dresses they omit stockings, and their naked, red, hairy legs, and their arms unprotected by the slightest hint of sleeves make them look as if prepared for a prize fight, instead of for the close companionship of ladies. Their undress has not even the excuse of beauty. It is gross and disgusting.

When tilting hoops were in fashion, and on fair afternoons on Chestnut street kept up an ever-changing panorama of legs of all sizes, shapes and colors, a gentleman, asked how he liked the mode, replied: "First rate—for the sisters of other chaps." The female bathing costumes of the times are pretty and becoming and all that, but they are entirely vulgar, and their effect upon the wearers must be

## MURDER BY A FEMALE FURY.

**A Crime Which Startled a Quiet Ohio Town—A Young Woman's Body Found Terribly Mutilated in Sugar Creek, Near the Village of New Philadelphia.**

NEW PHILADELPHIA, O., June 22.—About a year ago there came to Tuscarawas county two sisters, the one, Mrs. Mrs. Russler, a widow, the other Mary Seneff. They had come from Clark's Prairie, Ind. Mary was a pretty, blue-eyed lass of about nineteen, with fresh rosy cheeks. She was poor, and therefore sought and obtained employment as a domestic. She worked for several families, and among others that of David Crites. A few weeks ago she began working for Mrs. Ellen Athey, a daughter of Mr. Crites. A few nights after Mary went to Mrs. Athey's house there was a social gathering at the house of David Crites, Mary's former employer, which she and also Mrs. Athey attended. About 10 o'clock in the night the party broke up, and Mary and Mrs. Athey started for home together cross lots. From that moment Mary Seneff was never seen alive, and Mrs. Athey is now under arrest charged with her murder.

It is probable that the crime would never have been known had not the remains of the girl, brutally hacked and mutilated, been found a few days since in Sugar Creek, a small stream near the Athey's house. The evidence of

### A COLD-BLOODED MURDER

was so unmistakable that the town's people are in a state of the greatest excitement.

Conclusive evidence was shown at the coroner's inquest that Mary had never left the Athey premises alive, and warrants were accordingly issued for the arrest of the Athey's and Alex. Crites, a brother of the accused woman. They were brought here under a strong guard and lodged in the county jail. The body of Mary was supposed to have been buried in an ash heap near Athey's house, and there exhumed, sewed up in a coverlet and thrown into Sugar Creek.

During the hearing last evening word came from Canal Dover that another party had visited the Crites' farm, and that new and damaging evidence of the guilt of the Athey's had been discovered. A rumor was also circulated that a mob were en route to New Philadelphia, bent on lynching the prisoners. Sheriff Lyons, Prosecutor Mitchell and assistants met a portion of the excited citizens, and by persuasion convinced them that the law should be respected, and that the accused were entitled to a fair hearing. In a few minutes the excitement had doubled, and all sorts of rumors were afloat.

Thomas Price, who was one of the parties that came in with new evidence, relates that he, with others, helped to take up the floor at Athey's house and found the ground underneath saturated with blood. Under the washboard more was found. In making an examination of the wall a portion of it had been repapered. This being taken off, the inner paper was found to be covered with blood. After this

### NEW AND DAMAGING EVIDENCE

was produced it was thought best by the counsel for the defense to let the case go to the court for disposal. Esquire Newburg then committed Crites and the two Athey's to jail to await the convening of the next term of court in November next. Bail will not be granted any of them. Several theories are afloat concerning the manner and cause of Mary's death, but the following is the most credited:

It is the prevailing opinion that, after Mary and Mrs. Athey returned home after the gathering at Crites' on Friday night, the girl retired to bed as usual, sleeping up-stairs; that the woman was jealous of Mary, and, armed with an ax, went to her room and struck her a blow, as the coverlet and sheet found in the room partially prove; that Mary sprang out of bed and managed to escape to the room below, and that before she was able to get away she was overtaken by the murderess and literally chopped to pieces. It is supposed by many that Alexander aided the woman, and that the two buried the body in the ash heap. The husband, it is thought by some, knew nothing of the occurrence until a few days afterward. Some think he may have helped dump the body in the creek to cover up the crime, but do not think him guilty in participating in the murder. Mrs. Athey is a woman of medium height, large blue eyes keen and wild looking, and is a brunette; aged about thirty years. Her cheeks are rosy, and traces of former beauty are still plainly visible.

### THE WOES OF HYMEN.

**A Queer Suit in Which the Principals Have Already Been Twice Divorced, and yet Want Another.**

A very much mixed divorce case is now pending in the Brooklyn courts. In 1871, William A. Engeman, the well-known hotel proprietor at Coney Island, procured a divorce from his wife, Eunice P. Engeman, on the ground of infidelity. The latter applied during the past week to Judge Freedman in the Superior Court to have the decree set aside and to allow her to come in and defend, on the ground that she had no knowledge of the divorce proceedings until years after the decree was entered. Many curious facts are elicited from the contesting affidavits.

In her affidavit she swears though she knew nothing of the divorce proceedings, and after the decree was entered her husband continued to live with her, never charged her with being unfaithful, and did not seek to obtain the possession of their only child. In

1866, when but seventeen years of age, she married her husband, who took her to Brooklyn to live, and even forbade her to hold any communication with her parents. Obtaining, as she claims, proofs of his infidelity, she brought a suit for divorce, but as her husband's brother had charge of the case, she had heard nothing of it, and owing to poverty she continued to live as before.

In 1867, however, owing to her husband's cruelty, she left him and went to live with her parents, in Zanesville, Ohio, where he shortly afterward followed her and persuaded her to return home with him. Owing to cruelty, however, she avers she was obliged to leave him again, and going to Washington, D. C., she first learned that the divorce proceedings she had brought against him had been successfully carried on and

### A DECREE ENTERED.

Her husband, she states, followed her to Washington, and persuaded her to remarry him so as to legitimize their child, and on January 11, 1870, they were remarried, the decree of divorce being set aside, so she claims, so as to enable him to obtain a divorce in his own favor, by which her rights would be cut off, and he would not be liable for her support.

She remained with him during 1870, and at the time of her alleged infidelity she avers she was approaching confinement and not able to walk, and that the accusation is false. After the birth of her child, owing, as she claims to her husband's abuse, she went to reside with her parents, where she remained for three years, and that he often visited her, telling her that Coney Island was no place for her to live in. After her boy's death, in 1873, she lived with her husband during short periods, and that so far from knowing of his commencing divorce proceedings, he, in 1875, requested her

### TO SUE HIM FOR DIVORCE.

In opposition to the motion, Mr. Engeman makes an affidavit in which he denies having lived with his wife after the decree was entered or for a long time previous. He avers that he consented to the first divorce as the easiest way of relieving his mind of her numerous infidelities. In January, 1870, he states that she consented to have the decree vacated, saying that he (the defendant) was innocent, and that they were remarried so as to legitimize the child.

As to the second marriage, he avers that she neglected her household duties and ran away from home. He then began the divorce proceedings and the decree was granted on good evidence. He also submitted affidavits of persons who had served the papers in the suit on his wife, and alleges that on February 1, 1877, she was married in Baltimore to one Frank Foremack.

He also charges her with being intemperate, and alleges that in the spring of 1877, while intoxicated, she visited his hotel at Coney Island, broke his windows and assaulted his barkeeper; that he was going to prosecute her, but she and Foremack pleaded with him, and on the latter's swearing before a notary that he was married to her, he let her go.

He also attached to his affidavit a letter he received from her, in which she says, "Frank only married me for what we could get out of you," and that Frank was abusing her. She adds, "I will not drink one drop until I hear from you, and of course I will not then. I feel very bad after all I have done for Frank, but he has even encouraged men to come and see me, so that he could use them to get

### "A GOOD SITUATION."

Mr. Engeman then avers that he assisted her, hoping that she would reform, but instead she only threatened to annoy him in his business, and that she has since been seen in an intoxicated condition on the Concourse at Coney Island. He also charges that the application is not made in good faith, but only for the purpose of extorting money from him. In corroboration of his statements, he produced an affidavit made by her second husband, Frank Foremack.

The latter testifies that before he married Mrs. Engeman, she informed him of the divorce proceedings. That she was unfaithful to him, often absenting herself from home for days and nights, and seeking the company of other men.

In rebuttal Mrs. Engeman avers that, before her marriage to Frank Foremack, she had known him for some time, and that, meeting him, he got her drunk and married her. She charges him with having stolen from her her jewelry and several hundred dollars in money, and that she was obliged to leave him and return to her parents, and that she has not seen him for two years. She swears that Engeman visited her, and, telling her that her second marriage was binding, persuaded her to use the name of Foremack. She says that Engeman only wanted the divorce so as to be able to transfer his real estate without consulting her rights.

### A BELLIGERENT DAMSEL.

**"Take That for Your Presumption"—The Way a Female Retaliated on a Judge for a Six Months' Sentence.**

[Subject of Illustration.]

A drunken female, Jane Hobbs by name, was brought before Magistrate Every, at the Second District Court in Philadelphia, one day this week, on the charge of being a common scold and habitual drunkard. Several witnesses advanced testimony to this effect, and the magistrate decided upon sending her to the house of correction for six months. "That's not right, Judge," she began, and then, as if to emphasize her assertion, she picked up the magisterial Bible and flung it at the 'squire, striking him on the bridge of the nose. "Take that for your presumption," she cried, aiming a blow at the constable, as he, with a number of others, caught hold of her to restrain her. A number of paper-weights lying within arm's length were hastily removed, and Jane was finally borne out, kicking and screaming, on the shoulders of four brawny officers. Magistrate Every, as a parting salute, told her that she might stay for one year at the Pennypack reformatory instead of for six months, as originally proposed.



## TOUGH CASES,

With a Brief Record of Their  
Many Curious Per-  
formances.

### A GRASS WIDOW

Is Taken From the Home of Her  
Second Admirer and Tarred  
and Feathered.

### SHOT FROM AN AMBUSH.

Frightful Exposure of Immoral Prac-  
tices in a Lunatic Asy-  
lum.

### A GRAVE IN A HOLLOW TREE.

An Enterprising Fakir Gets up a Show  
Which Takes the Cake as "the  
One and Only."

### A LONG LOST HUSBAND TURNS UP.

A Preacher Surprised in a Sinful Act  
Receives a Check for the Happy  
Land of Canaan.

### A BROTHER'S FATAL FOLLY.

#### GOES FREE.

Currie, the murderer of Ben Porter, the actor, was acquitted on the ground of insanity. Much dissatisfaction is manifested by the press of Texas on the verdict.

#### WILL PREACH NO MORE.

GALVESTON, Tex., June 20.—A Jefferson special says: On Sunday last Gordon Moore, living in Marion county, surprised Ben Benjamin, a colored preacher, in criminal intimacy with his wife, and killed him.

#### DUE TO DRINK.

PITTSBURG, June 20.—During a drunken row this afternoon in a saloon at Cork's Run, kept by a man named Glesenkamp, Samuel Broderick, a steel worker, had his neck broken and his skull fractured by two parties kicking him. Joseph Brown and another of the murderers fled down the Ohio. Detectives are on their track.

#### A BROTHER'S FATAL FOLLY.

ATLANTA, Ill., June 20.—A sixteen-year-old son of Walter Montgomery shot and fatally wounded a ten-year-old brother to-day. The older brother was handling a revolver and said to the younger, "Your money or your life," and fired, the ball entering just below the right nipple. The boy said he had no idea of shooting, and thought there was no load in the revolver.

#### ALLEGED RAPIST SHOT.

Pat Fox was a driver for Pat McGovern, who kept a grocery store in Oil City, Pa. Last Tuesday morning he was sent to deliver some groceries at the residence of W. S. Ellis. While there he attempted to rape Mrs. Ellis. Her husband arrived when Fox was in the act, and grabbed a gun and deposited twenty-five or thirty shot in Fox's left side. Ellis was arrested. Fox may possibly recover.

#### ANOTHER TEXAS TRAGEDY.

COURTNEY, Tex., June 20.—William Bullard was shot and killed while in camp with John A. Shepard, in Brazos swamp, or bottom, near here. He was buried to-day. The facts developed at the inquest were that Shepard, who was traveling from North-east Texas to San Antonio in a wagon, and having his wife and two children with him, got into a quarrel with Bullard about some trivial matter, and shot him through the head, instantly killing him. Three shots were fired.

#### SLAIN WHILE SLEEPING.

FLORA, Ill., June 20.—Benjamin Wireman, a farmer, living about four miles from this place, was killed just west of town last night by the east-bound express on the Ohio and Mississippi Road. He left town about an hour before the express was due to walk home, being greatly under the influence of liquor, and it is supposed he came to his death by laying down on the track and going to sleep. He was terribly mangled and was recognized only by the clothes he wore. One arm is missing. The coroner's inquest exempts the railroad company from all blame.

#### KELCHER'S CURIOUS CATCH.

UNIONVILLE, O., June 17.—This afternoon Thomas Kelcher, a well-to-do bachelor farmer, near this place, went out to catch a horse. On getting back to the house he found his big chip basket sitting on the front step containing a three-months-old boy baby, alive, kicking and nicely dressed. A brief note, evi-

dently written in a disguised hand and addressed to Kelcher, told him to be good to the baby and its mother and the Lord would forgive him. He says "It's an infernal lie!" But he took the youngster in, all the same, and has it in charge of a wet-nurse.

#### A HORRIBLE CRIME.

Some four months ago a young lady living in Osborne, Kan., having every appearance of being *en route*, though stoutly denying the fact, contracted marriage with a respectable young man. Symptoms of pregnancy became more and more manifest, and recently, while going to her mother's place, it is supposed that parturition took place and she strangled the babe and laid it in a hollow tree beside the road, as a full-grown fetus was found in that place, and every appearance betokened that such had been the case. The neighborhood is greatly excited over the matter.

#### FIXING AN ADULTRESS.

The tarring and feathering of Mrs. Stephen Packard at Middletown Vt., last week was a pitiable atrocity. Mrs. Packard is a handsome woman under thirty, and before her marriage was Miss Green, and thought to be as fine as girl as lived at Timmouth. Her husband, however, is said to be a worthless drunkard, and she left him last winter. William Gates Jr., of Middletown took her to his father's house about three weeks ago, who is said to have admitted six men to his house early on Friday morning, who dragged the woman from the bed of young Gates and amid much ribaldry did their cruel work.

#### A NOVEL SHOW.

CANTON, O., June 19.—The people of this city have been greatly indignant at a mock hanging advertised to come off at the Fair Grounds in this city this afternoon. The projector of the scheme had intended to hang, or nearly hang, three boys, with all the tragic scenes of a real execution, for the amusement of the crowd of morbid spectators which he expected would flock to see the show at twenty-five cents a head. Last night, however, a party of indignant citizens destroyed his gallows and his show was busted. A few country people came in, but the farce was over. Meantime preparations for the tragedy of Friday continue.

#### THE GALLOWS TOO GOOD.

A killing took place at Newnan, Ga., on the 18th inst. A negro named Page had formed a *liaison* with a handsome colored woman, and left his wife, who had borne with his conduct for several months. Finally she went in search of her faithless husband and found him at the home of his paramour. She threatened to prosecute them unless they desisted from further associations. Page and his accomplice became enraged at the demands and threats of Mrs. Page, and finally seized the poor woman and absolutely beat her to death. They then departed and have not since been captured, but certainly will be, as officers are now after them.

#### MATRIMONIAL TROUBLES.

At Toledo, in 1875, John F. and Rose Nunn were married. In time they moved to Minnesota, and while there John caught her in unwelcome relations with one Thomas Burrows, and left her. They met again in St. Jo, Mo., and believing Rose's promises of better behavior they again lived together. In the summer of 1878 they lived in this city, while Rose picked up her old tricks, and finally ran away with one Otto Burnell, who was running a variety company, of which Rose became a member, under the name of Rose Dumont. Burnell and Rose are now living in an open state of adultery at Kansas City. In a bill setting forth these facts John has applied to the Circuit Court for a divorce.

#### TWO FARMERS MISSING.

BRAMFORD, Pa., June 21.—A month ago a fire broke out in Edenburg, Clarion county, by which nearly the entire town was destroyed. There was a circus in the village that day. Among those who visited it were James Gray and Ebenezer Towley, two wealthy farmers of the neighborhood. They were under the influence of liquor at the circus in the evening and left with two disreputable men of the place. Not long afterward the fire broke out. Neither of the farmers has been seen or heard from since. From the circumstances attending the breaking out of the fire, and the region in which it originated, it is believed that they were robbed and murdered, and the fire started to destroy all evidence of the crime. An investigation is being made.

#### "LET HER GO."

Mr. Holderbach, an upholsterer of 71 Leonard street, Brooklyn, who has a wife and two children, on Monday eloped with Mrs. Mary Haas of 61 Boerum street, who had a husband and two children. Among the German population of the Sixteenth Ward their flight has caused much gossip, as both were well known. Mrs. Haas is a midwife. She told the neighbors that she was going to Pennsylvania to live. An express wagon took away two trunks and then drove up to Holderbach's residence and took in two trunks, a sewing machine, and a bed. The couple then followed. When Mrs. Holderbach returned home and found what had occurred she was very much excited and, by a constable's aid, she recovered her husband's property. Mr. Haas took his wife's departure serenely and said, "Let her go."

#### TWO BROTHERS.

John and Henry Trieschemenn, brothers, of Cornwall, Ct., about sixteen and nineteen years old, were shot from a clump by the roadside, while returning home from the village at 10 o'clock Saturday night, and Frank Chagniot, a Frenchman aged forty-five, who lives two miles from the Trieschemenn place, is under arrest. John, the older victim, is dying, and Henry may not recover. The motive for the crime is revenge, as Chagniot's son was killed in a school-boy quarrel in December by John Trieschemenn, who was acquitted of manslaughter and fined for simple assault and battery. The evidence is strong against Chagniot, as a wad from the gun which was fired is a piece of the New Milford Gazette, to which the accused is the only subscriber thereabout, and tracks near the ambushade are fitted by his boots.

#### A HUSBAND THROWN OUT.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., June 20.—An interesting repetition of the story of Enoch Arden has developed itself in this city. Joseph Neese and wife, proprietors of the Bloomington house, have lived here in a quiet domestic relation for twenty-one years. On Saturday, while Neese was at work in the country, a stranger arrived, who turned out to be the former husband of Mrs. Neese, and who, twenty-years ago, had deserted her, but who now came back, probably through her connivance, and at once resumed marital relations. Neese came home last night and was vigorously hurled out of his own house by Enoch Arden, alias Schroder, and Rudolph, a young man, Mrs. Neese's son by Schroder. Rudolph was arrested, but returned to the affray. Neese has at last been driven out. The whole neighborhood feels outraged at the treatment Neese has received, and threats of tar and feathers are heard.

#### ALL FOR AN ACTRESS.

Burt. Dopleman, about thirty-five years old, living in Cleveland, O., one day last week shot himself in the left eye, and, although still alive, probably cannot live long, as the ball passed through the brain and lodged under the skin at the back of the neck. For six weeks he has been living with a notorious woman of the town, formerly a variety actress, her stage name being Bonnie Nelson. She told him the other day that she was going to leave him and go to Toledo. He said if she did he would shoot himself, and flourished a revolver. She laughed derisively, and told him he wouldn't shoot himself, when he placed the muzzle against his eye, saying "Here goes then." The pistol was immediately discharged, and Dopleman fell back on the bed, on the edge of which he had been sitting. He is now conscious, but there is little hope for him. He can talk and says he didn't mean to shoot himself, and didn't know the pistol was loaded.

#### VERY HARD CHEEK.

The little village of Lockington, O., has been in a ferment for some time over an affair of a very scandalous nature, the facts of which are as follows: About three months ago the wife of David Hayns, who ranked among respectable society, became too intimate with a man named Dillon, the result of which was an elopement, and Hayns was left wifeless. A few days after the elopement the runaway pair returned to Lockington, and Mrs. Hayns waited upon her husband with the intention of compromising, stating that she would give him a divorce if he would give her a horse and buggy. At that time Dillon put in an appearance at the Hayns residence, but was greeted with revolvers and stones. He sprang into his buggy and drove to Sidney, Hayns following him, but he made good his escape. Hayns threatens the direst consequences, saying he will shoot Dillon if he ever meets him. He returned to Lockington, and is now living happily with his wife.

#### ESCAPED LYNCHING.

KOKOMO, Ind., June 20.—The funeral of Jacob Vogus, who was shot by his son James last Thursday, occurred from this city this afternoon. The remains were buried at Prairieville Cemetery, ten miles southwest of this city, near the home of the deceased. Eight hundred people were present. While the remains were being buried Sheriff Duke seized upon the opportune time to spirit his prisoner out of danger of the mob. At the appointed hour a carriage in charge of three trustees and heavily armed deputies drove up to the jail, and the prisoner was hustled into it and rapidly driven to Logansport, twenty miles north, where he was lodged in jail. The mob gathered at 9 o'clock to-night and proceeded to the jail. Sheriff Duke assured them that the prisoner was not there, and to prove it he permitted a committee to search the premises. Being satisfied, the crowd slowly and silently dispersed, proclaiming vengeance on the head of the patricide should he ever be seen in this county again.

#### AN ASYLUM SCANDAL.

COLUMBUS, O., June 17.—Members of the Board of State Charities met here to-day to investigate the charges against Superintendent Firestone and the trustees of the Central Lunatic Asylum. Affidavits were filed by Leonora Bowles, formerly an attendant at the asylum, charging that tainted meat and improper food were furnished to patients; that the matron grossly neglected her duties; that money sent to patients was never accounted for; that the state property was appropriated by the matron; that patients were compelled to sleep on the floor for want of proper bedding; that an abortion was performed upon a female patient by order of Superintendent Firestone; that Dr. Gailey and the assistant physician at the asylum held illicit intercourse with a female patient and that Firestone allowed the record of this fact to be destroyed and cruelty and neglect of patients. Dr. Sparrow, late an assistant physician at the asylum, filed an affidavit charging that C. P. L. Butler, one of the trustees of the asylum, had been interested in contracting for the asylum supplies, and that George W. Morgan, another trustee, had demanded and received special attention for his daughter, a patient in said institution.

#### SHOT IN COLD BLOOD.

A cold-blooded assassination took place last Saturday evening, near Como, Miss., the victim being W. W. Bailey, a highly respected farmer. The particulars of the bloody deed are as follows: Mr. Bailey owns considerable land, and has among his tenants three men by the name of Spivey (father and two sons). They had neglected their crop until it was nearly overcome by grass. Bailey expostulated with them, and finally told them unless they worked it he would hire some one else. On Saturday, accompanied by two neighbors named Little and Mabry, Bailey rode over to the Spiveys'. He was met at the gate by Spivey, who greeted him in a friendly manner. Bailey descended from his horse, and was walking back in the yard, when without a word of warning Spivey, who was armed with a rifle, shot Bailey dead. One of Spivey's sons opened fire on Mabry, who escaped death by

jumping behind his mule, which received the contents of a double-barreled shot-gun. The son of Spivey attempted to shoot Little, who sought refuge behind the house. The three Spiveys then managed to escape to the bottoms, and for the time being have eluded pursuers who are in search of them. The Spiveys are said to be a bad crowd, who recently had to leave Arkansas for crimes committed there, and are now outlawed from Mississippi.

#### A FEARFUL FIGHT.

ATLANTA, Ga., June 15.—A tragedy occurred three miles in the country from Griffin, last Saturday just before dark. A number of country folks were having a picnic some distance from Griffin. Several persons went out from the city, among others Bob Hobbs, who three weeks ago was severely cut about the throat while engaged in a small difficulty. He was also once a policeman in Griffin, and had arrested a young man who was farming a few miles from where the picnic was held, for which the young man, Tom Sullivan, had said he would get even. Late in the evening of the picnic Tom Sullivan went up to a lemonade stand and had an altercation with young Philip Morris, when Hobbs made his appearance. Sullivan said he would go home and get his double-barrel shot gun and shoot Hobbs as he went back to town. Sullivan's sisters pleaded for him, and said he was drinking, and Hobbs got into a buggy with Morris. They were near Freeman's farm, three miles from town, when they saw Sullivan in the road advancing on them with a shot-gun. He had just left a crowd of young men and ladies standing at the gate. When within twenty feet he raised his gun and fired. As he did so, Hobbs threw up both feet, and the full load of shot entered his thigh. He exclaimed to Morris, "He's killed me." Morris then drew a pistol and commenced firing, while Hobbs clung to him with his arms around his neck. He shot five times, and as Sullivan walked away he took Hobbs' pistol and fired three more shots. Sullivan escaped.

#### AN OLD MAN'S DEATH.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., June 19.—The little town of Williamsport, the county seat of Warren County, adjoining Tippecanoe, is ablaze with excitement over a frightful murder. A correspondent has furnished the following facts: Three days ago Mr. Joshua Cantrell, an old and well-known resident of Williamsport, left his home and failed to return. His prolonged absence naturally alarmed his friends, and search was instituted on Thursday and it was continued all day Friday. This morning, at 7 o'clock, his body was found, a short distance below Williamsport, on the bank of the Wabash River. It was a sickening sight; he had evidently died the day on which he was first missed. A hasty examination revealed the cause of his death. Through his head a bullet had passed, and on examining his body it was found that he had been shot in the neck, in the abdomen and in the leg. He had been murdered. Every circumstance, so far as known, connected with the case, forbids the idea that he could have committed suicide. The body lay partly in the water, and a theory has been advanced to the effect that, having been murdered, he was thrown into the river, then swollen by the recent floods, and that the perpetrators of the terrible crime supposed that the body would float away unobserved, and that the water as it fell carried the body to the bank, where it lodged, a distance of 100 yards from the town limits. It was found by Clem. H. Erick this morning at 7 o'clock. Mr. Cantrell was about sixty years old. He had lived in the country for nearly a quarter of a century, and was in moderate circumstances. So far as known, he had not an enemy in the world. His family consisted of two sons and four daughters, grown up. The coroner held an inquest to-day, and determined that death had been caused by unknown parties.

#### THE WORST YET.

A Young Brute Attempts to Outrage  
His Own Mother.

Young Patrick Mulligan returned to the home of his widowed mother, in Twenty-seventh street, on the morning of the 17th, and awakened her and her daughter, who were sleeping together. The mother told him to go to his bed, but he threw himself upon her bed and committed a most atrocious assault upon her, she struggling to free herself from him. The little girl slipped out upon the floor and crouched in a corner until she saw Mulligan roll off the bed and come toward her. With a cry of horror she fled from him and climbed out of the window, and was about leaping into the street when Mulligan sprang forward, seized her wrists, and held her for several minutes dangling in mid-air. The girl screamed and struggled, when Mulligan relaxed his hold and she fell to the pavement. The contemptible scoundrel then slunk off to bed.

Mrs. Moran recovered herself in a few moments, and, running down stairs, carried to her room her bruised and insensible little girl. Examination showed that no bones were broken, but besides the bruises she sustained in her fall, it was thought she was injured internally. Having obtained medical attendance for the child, Mrs. Moran called in Officer Cahill, of the Sixteenth Precinct, who arrested Mulligan, taking him from his bed. Justice Murray, the child being too ill to appear, held the accused for trial, fixing bail at \$10,000.

#### High-Priced Affection.

[With Portrait.]

Miss Martha Klein, a Chicago girl, of whom a portrait will be found on another page, though she was going to be a wife, and claims to have had good reason for so thinking. Her suitor had proposed and she had accepted. But the fickle man afterwards made up his mind to back out, and did so. Martha thereupon sues him for \$10,000, and the case is soon to come in the Chicago courts. It is expected that some racy testimony will be developed.



**MURDER INSTEAD OF A BRIDAL.**

The Fearful Sight Which a Girl Encountered who Left her Home to Meet a Husband—Alone in a Strange Country.

Some seven or eight years ago Hugo Fisher, a young German, then about twenty-nine years old, bought a small farm a mile from Bound Brook, N. Y., on the Plainfield road. He was well educated, having spent some years in one of the universities. After quitting the university he came to America in order to escape military service. He built on his farm of less than a dozen acres a neat two-story house, a barn and other outbuildings, and in succeeding years he improved his place until it became an attractive home. He lived there usually with no other company than his hired man.

Last winter Fisher engaged George Langes, a German, twenty-six years old, to work for him. Langes came from Silesia. In the course of their talks about their homes in the fatherland, Langes told Fisher about a pretty sister he had in Germany and showed him her photograph. It was the picture of a handsome woman, about twenty-eight years old, with dark eyes and brown hair. Fisher was pleased with the picture, and he asked Langes to introduce him to her by letter. A correspondence thus begun between Fisher and Langes' sister Ida

**RESULTED IN AN ENGAGEMENT.**

it is believed, and the young woman sailed for America on June 2 in the Hamburg steamship Wieland. Her going from home was a sad parting, for she said goodby to a brother who was believed to be on his deathbed. She arrived in this country on the 15th, and went to Naegeli's Hotel, in Hoboken. On the following morning she sent the following dispatch to Bound Brook:

Hugo Fisher:

Have arrived safe. Come for me. IDA LANGES.

A reply was sent, not by Fisher, asking her to go immediately to Bound Brook. She arrived there at 5:18 in the afternoon, to learn that her brother and her lover both lay dead in the latter's house. When this news was broken to her she was speechless. A postal card awaits her in the Bound Brook post office, with news that her brother in Germany, whom she left on his death bed, died before the vessel sailed from Hamburg.

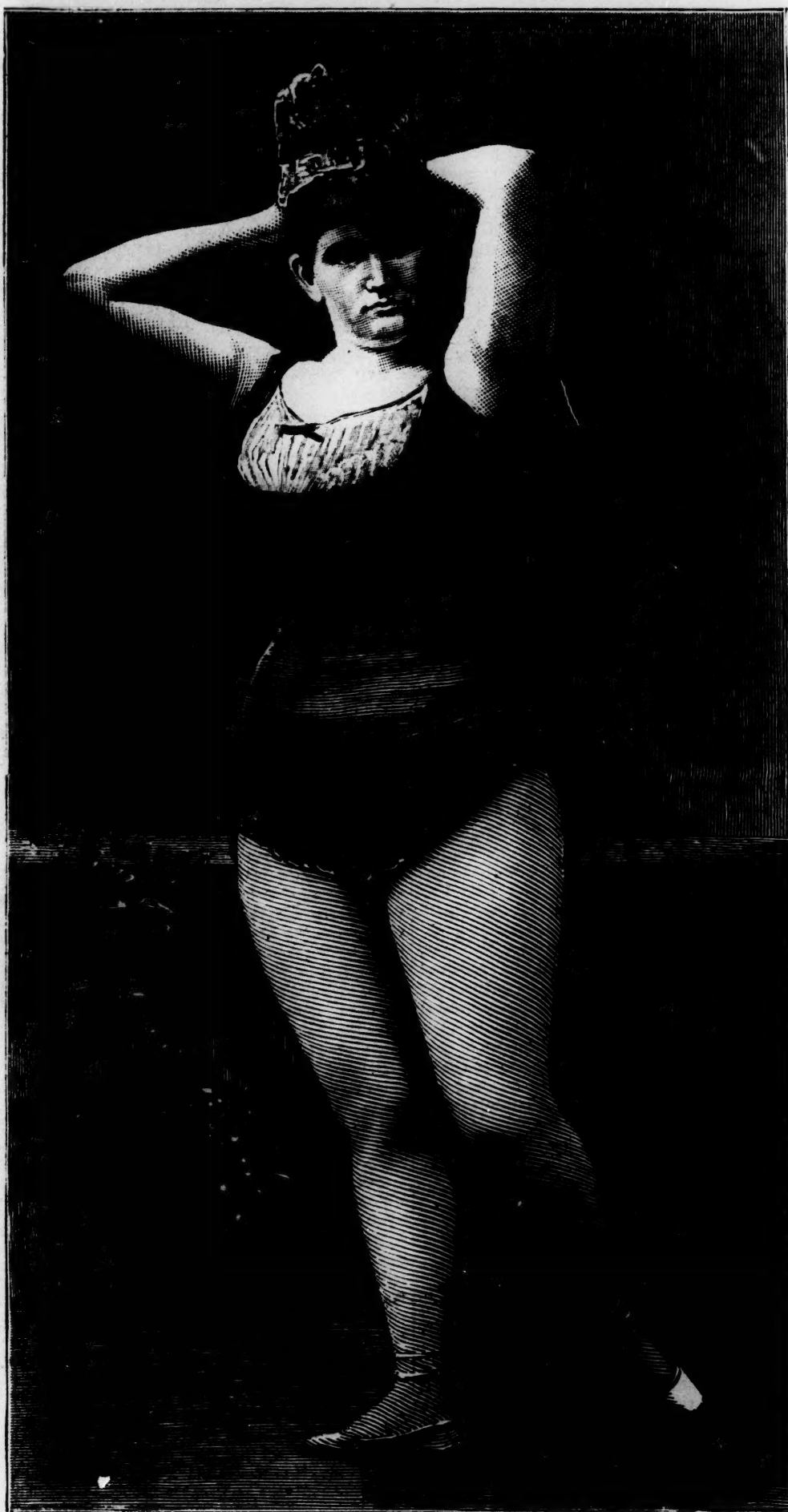
The house of Fisher was found to be in flames, but the fire was put out. The body of Langes was found lying on the back side of a bed that occupied a southern corner of the small room. His position was that of a man who had been transfixed with a spear while sleeping. His head was on a pillow. His arms and legs were bent at the elbows and knees. His hands were clenched and his feet were cramped. There was a

**BULLET HOLE IN HIS LEFT BREAST,**

an inch to the left of the nipple. As he lay the wound was on nearly the highest part of his chest and the blood from it had flowed in all directions, indicating that his only motion after being shot was to draw up his arms and legs. He had on a striped calico shirt. Fisher was lying on his back by the side of the bed on the floor. There was a bullet hole in his body, just below the lower part of the breastbone. He was covered with blood, and feathers stuck to the blood. His back, left side and left arm were charred with fire. The elbow and a part of the hand were consumed. Under his body three holes as large as a man's hat crown were burned into the floor. The bed and the floor near Fisher were littered with feathers that had been shaken from a large bolster and scattered around. Dense smoke filled the room.

Near Fisher's head lay a large, five-chambered Colt's navy revolver, in which there were two cartridges, two empty shells and one vacant chamber. The blinds on the window at the back of the bed were closed, and Langes' brierwood pipe lay on the sill.

The theory is that Fisher regretted his engagement,



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHT.

MISS EMMA ROSS, VARIETY AND BURLESQUE ACTRESS.

cacy of her youthful beauty by the vicissitudes with two husbands and two men who were not legally her husband.

**REMORSE THAT KILLED.**

"I Deceived Her, Destroyed Her Virtue, and my Reward is Everlasting Fire."

One of the most deliberate cases of suicide which has ever come to light in the state of Virginia occurred a few days ago at Central in that state. A young man named Noah Towner, whose parents live at Cambridge, Ohio, and who was a large, robust man, about twenty-eight years of age, full of all the health and vigor that God could bestow upon mortal man, deliberately blew out his own brains, and was found by his friends with his big toe upon the trigger of his gun, his brains scattered all over his body, a razor and considerable pounded glass in his pocket, together with the following rather curious confession of reasons for his rash act:

"To My Friends:—I am tired of life and with my own hands I am determined to kill myself. I have made many mistakes and cannot endure the remorse of conscience. Naoma C. has a child and it is mine. I deceived her, destroyed her virtue, and now I am going to my everlasting reward, where the smoke of my torment will ascend up forever and ever. I have told you all that I was sick, but it was a lie. I was not sick, but tired of life."

The young man went out upon the pretense that he was going to hunt squirrels, but as he seemed very melancholy of late, his friends feared the worst and instituted a search immediately upon not finding him at dinner. His brother observed, during the search, that he expected to find him with his throat cut, which presentiment proved nearly the truth.

**VERY EMBARRASSING.**

A Discovery Which Made a Doctor Sick—A Joke Which may Prove a Serious Matter.

The good people of Russel, Kan., are quite excited over a bit of "romance" just developed, in which a certain medical gentleman, of mature years, a pillar in the church, and a man at whose time of life it is generally supposed "the heyday in the blood is tame, and waits upon the judgment," plays the leading part. Of course, as in romances, there is a lady in the case. She lives with her father on his farm some distance out of town. A few evenings since two young men were out horseback riding, and seeing the Doctor's horse standing by a straw stack near the lady's house, very naturally supposed the Doctor was making a professional call somewhere in the neighborhood. The suggestion was made that it would be a joke to turn the horse loose and let the Doctor "hoof it" home. No sooner was this suggestion made, than one of the young men dismounted and proceeded to carry it into execution. Going cautiously around the stack toward the horse, to his surprise he discovered the young lady and the Doctor in embarrassing relations. The Doctor has been sick ever since, but hopes are entertained by his friends of his ultimate recovery.

**THE IRREPRESSIBLE SEWING-MACHINE AGENT.**

Deserting His Wife and Six Children to Wander into Forbidden Paths With a Wicked Widow.

Did anybody ever hear of a sewing machine agent that didn't at some time in his life become famous or infamous? If he didn't distinguish himself in some pointed manner during his career then he wasn't the right kind of "feller" for the business, and the sooner he proceeded to tucker out the better for his business. The latest story is of an Allegheny sewing-machine agent with a wife and six children. He became enamored of a little widow living in Law-



MARTHA KLEIN, PLAINTIFF IN A BREACH OF PROMISE SUIT FOR \$10,000; CHICAGO.

shot Langes and then shot himself. A lot of money was found on their persons, showing that no robbery had been committed.

**A WOMAN OF BUSINESS.**

First a Wife, Then a Mistress and Mother—Married Again and Finally Swapped off to Another Man.

The other day, says the Newburyport Herald, we

were talking over old times with a life-long acquaintance, and he gave us the history of a pretty servant girl who has been lost to sight and memory for thirty-five years. The tale shows that there are incidents going on under our noses which are more adventurous than the story of fiction, and which would excite widespread comment if the characters were less obscure.

It seems that the girl had married a workman employed near where she lived, and promised to have a prosperous and respectable life, but in a year or two her husband died, and left her a young and handsome widow. She was next taken by a man of some more means than her husband had first as a housekeeper then as a deputy wife, and by him she had several children. Such a life was not exactly what a woman would desire, and when after several years Mary had an offer of marriage, she told

the man that kept her of the offer, and gave him first choice. He said that they had better live on as they had been living, not supposing that Mary would have the heart to leave him and her children.

She was determined to get married, however, and she was married to the new suitor, with whom she moved down on Plum Island river, where they had a shanty, and dug clams, and sold rum to down-river excursionists. After a while another man came to

live with them, and when he had been there a short time, Mary's husband became discontented, and wanted to go out West, and offered to sell the establishment for \$25. The man said he would pay the sum if the husband would throw in Mary to boot. This strange bargain was agreed to, and, not many months ago, Mary and the man might have been seen on the Ipswich flats, she with thick cowhide boots, digging clams for a subsistence. She has lost the deli-



MR. AND MRS. LEE FOY, MARRIED IN SAN FRANCISCO AFTER MUCH TRIBULATION AND EXCITING ADVENTURES.



MASTER WALTER WINDSOR, MURDERER OF HIS AUNT AT JOHNSON, R. I.

renceville, Pa., and continued an undue intimacy with her until the story of the liaison reached the ears of Mrs. Sewing Machine Agent and those of all the six little S. M. A.'s. The husband found matters getting so warm that he left the city, altogether deserting his family. Time passed on and recently he returned, not to the bosom of his family, or at least not repentantly, but rather to the arms of his paramour. This renewed proof of his infidelity has again reached the wife, and now there is talk of an information being made and proceedings in divorce.



# "HERE'S TO VASSAR COLLEGE."

"We Won't Go Near the Pond Any More."—The Gay Damsels of the School of the Period Out on a Lark.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The girls of Vassar College have had their annual spree. Leaving the problems and puzzles of a modern education behind, they set forth for a "real good time," and, bless their dear souls, they had it. A large steamer was engaged, and well provided with all the creature comforts of a regular day's outing, they sailed away down the noble Hudson as fancy free and careless as the birds. It might be slander to say that they included some things in their bill of fare which the blue-ribboned citizens of the land would have turned up their noses at (publicly) with disgust, and put under their noses (privately), with pleasure. And then again, judging by the ditties which they caroled in unison with the music of the waters, it might not. The intelligent reader who knows all about such things from experience may judge for himself from the words of the songs. A veracious historian of the day's spree thus describes it:

At 7 P. M., the steamer, with its precious freight, was three miles south of West Point. Orders were given to turn northward again, and the girls ascended to the saloon deck, from which they had a full view of the magnificent scenery. Some of them were anxious to have the boat stop at the Point long enough for them to see the evening review, but President Cauldwell concluded that the hour was too late. After leaving the Highlands the main deck was lighted, and dancing was begun and continued until off New Hamburg. Then they crowded the bow of the boat, and the happy party broke out into college songs:

Here's to Vassar College,  
Drink it down;  
Here's to Vassar College  
Drink it down;  
Here's to Vassar College,  
It is there we get our knowledge,  
Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down.

There were many verses, and they were sung with much enthusiasm. Then, after a short silence, away up from the bow of the steamer came a plaintive voice singing:

Balm of Gilead,  
Balm of Gilead,  
We won't go to the pond any more.

A merry peal of laughter followed this promise with regard to Vassar College lake, and immediately a chorus of fifty voices broke out:

So say we all of us,  
So say we all of us,  
So say we all of us,  
About that pond!

Poughkeepsie was reached at 9½ P. M., and when all the excursionists gathered at the gangway a silvery voice shouted, "Now, three cheers for Captain Van Keuren!" and three full-throated Vassar cheers



RUM PUNCH, CLARET, MUSIC AND BULLETS—A LIVELY EVENING'S SPARKING, IN WHICH THREE VERY FRISKY ELEMENTS TOOK A HAND AND MADE THINGS VERY STORMY; STAMFORD, CONN.

broke the stillness of the evening air. An enthusiastic girl shouted, "Tiger," which was followed by a simultaneous "Ha! ha!" Then all passed ashore to street cars in waiting, and in half an hour were back to the college. The girls gave good evidence, at least a few of them, that they "wouldn't go to the pond any more." They had a good time, and something beside the limpid waters of a pond had something to do with it.

## RUM PUNCH, CLARET, MUSIC AND BULLETS.

This is the Queer Mixture Which Played a Part in a Courting Affair—Two Blood-thirsty Young Gallants.

[Sub ect of Illustration.]

A Colt's revolver, some rum punch and two jealous young men who are in love with the same woman form a disagreeable and dangerous combination of persons and circumstances. This exact combination was found in the house of Mrs. Kinsella, divorced wife of Tom Kinsella, of Brooklyn, in the usually quiet town of Stamford, Conn. Stamford is one of the most unruffled places on earth. Its people are steady in their habits, and after 10 o'clock at night the streets of the place are as quiet as the grave. A son of ex-Judge Busted and Theron Holly, son of a cashier in the town, sat by the piano. Miss Hannah Kinsella played on the instrument while one young man sang in a deep baritone voice and the other young man scowled at him in the depth of malignity and with grimaces expressive of supreme contempt. When the cashier's son had scowled enough he began to busy himself in compounding rum punch for the whole party, expecting to make his rival drunk on it. In this expectation he was not disappointed. The rival imbibed more than enough of the treacherous beverage, and was soon so unsteady as to be foolish. It was now the golden opportunity of the

compounder of the punch. He lost no time in pointing out to the young lady what a fool the other fellow was. Then he emphasized his opinion by firing a shot at the son of the lawyer, which, instead of hitting its intended victim, only made a hole in the adjacent wall. To the utter amazement of this young man the youthful lawyer suddenly sobered himself, pulled from his pocket an unsuspected pistol and blazed away at the son of the cashier. The shot came very near being a fatal one, for it hit the cashier's son's fifth rib, glanced around and came out at his back, inflicting a jagged flesh wound. This had the effect of restoring peace, good-will and sobriety. "Somebody screamed 'Fire!'" and this brought the police of Stamford, who locked the young men up in the only cell Stamford could furnish and kept them there so that they would not go home till morning. The doctor fixed up the jagged flesh wound. For the sake of her whom they both loved the nice young men agreed to bring no charges against each other, and so both were suffered to do part in peace.



"BALM OF GILEAD, WE WON'T GO NEAR THE POND ANY MORE."—THE YOUNG LADIES OF VASSAR COLLEGE GO ON THEIR ANNUAL SPREE, HAVE A GOOD TIME, SHOUT, SING AND OTHERWISE SUSTAIN THE REPUTATION ON AMERICA FOR HAVING THE FRISKIEST WOMEN IN THE WORLD.



## THE AMERICAN PRIZE-RING.

Its Battles, Its Wrangles and Its  
Heroes From 1812 to  
1880.

An Interesting Description of the  
Great Fistic Encounters Between  
Pugilists of the Past and  
Present.

The Great Fight Between Yan-  
kee Sullivan and Tom  
Hyer.

BATTERING THAT WAS FEARFUL TO  
WITNESS.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE,  
BY W. E. HARDING.

(Continued.)

Pugilism in America in 1848 was a flourishing institution. Tom Hyer was looked upon as the champion not only of America but of the world. Among the native-born sporting men he was a great favorite, but he had a rival who was backed up by the Irish Brigade, an organization that flourished at that time and combined with pugilism and politics. Hyer wanted to fight Sullivan and the latter was equally anxious to meet the American giant. Sullivan made the remark that he could and he would whip the big monument, and he finished the sentence with, "you bet I can."

On the same day Sullivan entered Hyer's saloon full of fight. Hot words ensued and finally Hyer and Sullivan were engaged in a rough-and-tumble fight. It was a decisive and desperate affair and Sullivan received a terrible beating. The news spread like fire through the sporting drums and the result was freely discussed by sporting men.

Sullivan was mortified and then eager to fight Hyer in a ring. Finally on August 7, 1848, the pugilists met at Ford's Tavern, 28 Park Row, when Hyer agreed to fight Sullivan for \$5,000. A forfeit was put up and the match arranged, both pugilists agreeing to fight at catch weight according to the new rules of the London prize ring on January 7, 1849, for \$5,000 a side.

Four months after the match was made the pugilists went into training. Country McCloskey and Tom O'Donnell trained Sullivan at Shaw's Hotel, East New York, while Joe Winrow and George Thompson trained Hyer at P. Dodge's Hotel at McComb's Dam.

In the meantime on both sides of the Atlantic the battle was the topic in sporting circles.

Yankee Sullivan had crossed to England and whipped the great Hammer Lane. From the pluck and science he displayed many sporting men thought he would be able to trim Hyer. Large sums were wagered on the result and Hyer soon became the prime favorite.

Sullivan and Hyer had agreed that the fight should take place near Virginia or Maryland. Sullivan won the toss and selected Pool Island in Chesapeake Bay. The sun, thortles, however, harassed the pugilists and they changed the locality and went to Rock Point, Kent county, Maryland. A ring was pitched, the snow cleaned away and hot bricks were placed in the ring for the pugilists to warm their feet, it was such a dreadfully cold day.

Hyer was 6 feet 2½ inches in height and weighed 185 pounds. Sullivan stood 5 feet 10½ inches in height and weighed 155 pounds.

Johnny Ling won the toss for choice of corners for Sullivan and the latter selected a corner that would cause the sun to shine in Hyer's face. Tommy Burns and Joe Winrow seconded Hyer while Hyer's brother was bottle-holder. Johnny Ling and Country McCloskey seconded Sullivan and Stephen Wilson was his bottle-holder.

Hyer displayed his colors, the stars and stripes, while the plucky Yankee Sullivan's colors were a green silk handkerchief with oval spots of white.

All being ready the pugilists received the finishing touches from their seconds. The seconds then advanced, shook hands and returned to their respective corners. The referee called time and the pugilists advanced, shook hands, and all was ready for the great battle.

The officials of the great fight were Sam Van Nostrand, referee, and H. Colton and J. J. Way were the umpires.

Round 1. As Sullivan faced Hyer no one could help admiring the grit and pluck he displayed by agreeing to face such a modern giant. Sullivan was completely over-matched as his opponent was thirty pounds heavier, several inches taller and possessed a greater amount of strength and a longer reach than Sullivan. Hyer was a splendid specimen of a pugilistic champion, and America will never again have a champion his equal.

It was well known that Sullivan would make a good fight, but it was long odds that he could not whip Hyer, bar accident, before the fight began.

The fight opened with Sullivan on the dash; Hyer on the wait. Sully made a running blow with his left at Hyer's head. Failing in that, he tried to get away from a prompt counter hit made by Hyer's left, and partly succeeded in avoiding it, but Hyer instantly followed with his right and planted a stinger on Sully's forehead. Sullivan then rushed in to give body blows, and, after some smart but ineffective exchanges, he clinched Hyer on the under-hold for a throw. The hopes of Sullivan's friends had been mainly based upon his well-known abilities as a wrestler. But, now, indeed, he found his master. After several almost superhuman efforts, and when his best strength had been exhausted, Hyer coolly took him by the upper-hold and wrenched him to the earth, making him a present of all Hyer's weight at the same time. Shouts for Hyer.

2. On toeing the scratch, Sully's forehead showed the ruby from the blow given by Hyer's right. The cries of "First blood for Hyer!" seemed to madden Sullivan, and take away what little caution he had. After severe exchanges on eyes and bodies, and Hyer giving another stinger with his right on Sully's forehead again, the latter tried his clinch with the under-hold again; but again Hyer twisted him to the ground as if he were a newspaper mast-bag, Hyer on top as usual.

3. Sullivan went in for the reckless, and tried all his old points and dodges at the same time. Terrible exchanges were made, and Sully got in a tremendous body blow that staggered Hyer back for two steps, and finally sent him to the ground on his seat. Sullivan's friends then took a turn at the shouting, and Sully's old smile of wicked glee once more illuminated his snotty features.

4. The thing seemed about even now, and both men came up with great alacrity. Some open-handed exchanges took place, but the men were cautious. Hyer gave another stinger on the forehead, and Sully gave another luster on the body. Sully soon ran in for his favorite hold, but Hyer straightened him out again by main strength, and threw all his weight on Sully into the bargain. A claim of "foul" was made on account of the length of time Hyer laid upon Sullivan, but the referee decided that the seconds of the under man should bestir themselves to take their principal away.

Sullivan had so far had decidedly the worst of the struggle.

5. From this to the 14th round, the 4th round may be considered a fair example, and repetition is not needed. In the 6th, Sullivan's tremendous exertions produced nervous twitchings in his legs. In the 8th, Hyer's left eye began to swell, and show the effects of Sully's compliments given in the 2d round. In the 13th, Hyer backed Sullivan over the ropes, and while they were fibbing, a person named Hennessy, from Boston, is said to have caught hold of the thumb of Hyer's hand that was on the rope, and bent the thumb backward. Hyer then let go, clinched Sullivan, threw him, and fell upon him, as usual. Sullivan's seconds exhibited an extraordinary backwardness while coming to pick up their man after his being thrown.

15. Sullivan very doubtful on his pins. Again he was sent to the ropes, where Hyer wrenched his left arm in such a manner as to leave it almost useless. Sully down again from a clear throw, and Hyer on top, as usual.

16. Sully's left arm full of tremors from pain. Hyer had previously made him do all his fighting within his half of the ring, and on this occasion Hyer advanced beyond the score, where Sully got a couple of stingers on the dial, which he took without wincing. Hyer again rushed him to the ropes, again threw him, and again fell on him. On taking Hyer off, Sully was found to be completely powerless, and Hyer was proclaimed the victor in 17 minutes and 18 seconds. In short, Yankee Sullivan, brave and skillful as he was, had found his "master."

The battle was a short and desperate one. Sullivan was overmatched. Hyer proved that he was one of the greatest pugilists that ever entered the ring for a man of his proportions.

Hyer was badly punished, but his injuries were nothing compared with the terrible beating Sullivan received from Hyer's trip-hammer blows. Sullivan was so terribly battered that he had to be conveyed to the Mount Hope Hospital in Baltimore, and afterward took the cars for York, Pa., on his way home to New York. Hyer was arrested at Philadelphia, having stayed there one night (a requisition from the Governor of Maryland, based upon the idea that Sullivan's life was in danger, having been sent after him); but, as Sullivan arrived in New York on Thursday evening, Hyer could not be detained. All the large cities were much "exercised in mind." In New York, as might naturally be expected, all classes shared, some more, some less, in those passing throes of public feeling and chaotic patriotism.

Sullivan's wonderful physique and endurance and his great constitution soon enabled him to recover from the effects of the terrible beating he had received from Tom Hyer.

His friends, who were legion, did not desert him because Hyer whipped him, for, although conquered, he was not disgraced after his defeat. Sullivan left his sporting house, 9 Chatham street, and moved to the corner of Centre and Franklin.

Sullivan's fame after his plucky fight with Hyer grew greater than ever, and day and night his sporting house was crowded. His losses in the fight with Hyer soon returned, and Sullivan was again eager to fight some one for fame and glory.

Hyer's sporting house in Park row and Sullivan's house in Centre street were nightly the scenes of rough-and-tumble fights; and Paddy McCann, of Albany; "Country" McCluskey, Boss Harrington, George Thompson, Hyer's trainer; Tom O'Donnell and Awful Gardiner were always ready for a drak out or an up-and-down scrimmage.

Shortly after the great battle between Hyer and Sullivan another great pugilist appeared looking for championship honors.

It was John Morrissey. He came from Troy, N. Y., and was frequently mixed up in brawls at the Gem, 324 Broadway, a noted sporting house that flourished in those days, or at the Branch in the Bowery. Morrissey was a native of Templemore, in Tipperary, Ireland; stood 5 feet 11 inches and weighed 165 pounds.

In bar-room rows Morrissey displayed great pluck and endurance, and he soon found a number of admirers who were anxious to match him to fight Sullivan and even Hyer. Morrissey, however, caught the gold fever and went to the Pacific slope. Morrissey was an American in all his ideas, but like Sullivan he was looked upon as a sort of Irish champion. On Morrissey's arrival in San Francisco he encountered George Thompson, who was quite popular and looked upon as a great pugilist because he trained Tom Hyer.

Morrissey's ideas were antagonistic to Hyer and his followers, so that Thompson was made a mark of by Morrissey as soon as he reached the Golden Gate.

Thompson announced that Hyer could whip any man in America, and that statement as soon as it reached Morrissey riled him. He at once offered to fight Thompson, rough-and-tumble or in the ring, for \$2,000. Thompson, through Hyer's influence and name in California, had no difficulty in finding backers, and the pugilists and their backers met and signed articles to fight according to the new rules of the London prize ring for \$2,000 a side.

The fight took place August 31, 1852. A tremendous crowd gathered at the ring, and Morrissey had two friends to Thompson's one. This was owing to the fact that Thompson was an Englishman, which report was freely circulated, and the old Irish and English nationalities were renewed from New York to San Francisco.

Morrissey, stripped, displayed great muscular development, and Thompson also looked every inch a pugilist. The battle was a regular hurricane fight. Thompson had the best of the fighting, and punished the Templemore pugilist terribly. It was impossible for Thompson to win, for Morrissey's friends, armed with revolvers and bowie-knives, intimidated Thompson until he lost his head and gave up all hopes of winning. After eleven desperate-fought rounds, of which six were knock-downs for Thompson, Morrissey was declared the winner by a foul blow which Thompson purposely struck to lose the fight, being afraid of being shot. The fight lasted sixteen minutes, and Morrissey received the lion's share of punishment.

The defeat of Thompson, Hyer's trainer, the famous novice and protegee of Peter Crowley, the great English fighter, created quite a breeze in sporting circles in New York at the time, and old ring goers could not believe that Thompson lowered his colors to Morrissey, who was merely a river boatman and had never fought in the ring. The result of the fight was hailed with delight by Yankee Sullivan, who was in his glory, for he saw in Morrissey an opponent, and he decided to challenge him on the latter's return from the Pacific slope. Hyer's friends in New York were also worked up by the Morrissey and Thompson fight, and Hyer agreed to fight Morrissey as soon as he arrived.

In the meantime pugilistic matters were all the rage and several by matches were proposed in 1853.

At Riker's Island, N. Y., in the fall of 1852, Billy Adams and Jack Cody, two local feather weights, fought for \$100 a side.

The fight resulted in a victory for Cody after forty rounds had been fought, in 1 hour and 21 minutes.

Following this battle came a mill which took place at Riker's Island, April 27th, 1853, and created no little excitement.

It was between Phillip Clare of Brooklyn, and George Leese of New York. Clare now resides in South Brooklyn and was one of James Elliott's principal backers when he fought Johnny Dwyer of Brooklyn for \$2,000 and the heavy weight championship in 1879.

The men fought at catch weight, according to the new rules of the London prize ring, for \$550. Clare putting up \$300 to Leese's \$250. It was a hurricane fight, and Phil. Clare displayed great science, pluck and endurance and won in 9 rounds, lasting 20 minutes.

In the summer of 1853 Morrissey returned to New York. He challenged Hyer to fight, as the latter had chastised him for his unfair treatment of Thompson in San Francisco, Cal.

Morrissey put up \$100 forfeit and Hyer covered it. The parties met at the Gem, in Broadway, to make the match. Hyer said he had the naming of the stakes, as he held the championship, and was ready to fight all comers, and placed the amount at \$10,000 a tide. Morrissey refused to fight for such a large sum and paid forfeit. Morrissey then made up his mind to fight Yankee Sullivan, and a sketch of that great battle will appear in our next issue.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE WORLD OF SPORTS.

LACROSSE is becoming all the rage.

COLUMBIA's four-oared crew are rowing very fast.

ROSS's victory at Providence has created general surprise.

HANLAN should now challenge Wallace Ross to row for \$2,000.

AGAIN Harvard College has turned out a better crew than Yale.

O'LEARY has made \$18,000 by pedestrian enterprises since April.

BLOWER BROWN intends to challenge Rowell for the Astley belt.

A NOTED Boston sporting man lost \$4,000 on Hanlan's defeat.

BONESTETER and Charlie Ford are to trot another race for \$5,000.

THE New York Athletic Club is said to have a fast pair-oared crew.

KEELER won the 2:25 class purse at Bradford, Pa. Best heat, 2:28¾.

SAN FRANCISCO boasts of a female who can walk 6½ miles in one hour.

It is reported that Joe Goss is eager to fight Paddy Ryan again for \$5,000.

LUKE BLACKBURN is the champion three-year-old running horse of the season.

DAVE WARD, of Windsor, lost \$5,000 on Hanlan's defeat at the Seekonk regatta.

WESTON must be insane, for he intends to again challenge O'Leary to walk six days.

THE Brooklyn Lacrosse Club are to play the Toronto (Canada) Club at Brooklyn on July 20.

THE national regatta of amateur oarsmen is beginning to attract considerable attention.

CRIDGE & Co. have bought Pierre Lorillard's Paunee, brother to Parole, Rachael and Sioux.

IN England bicycle riders and pedestrians are continually beating the best time on record.

SENSATION, G. Lorillard's three year-old, who won every race last year, has a bruised heel.

AND now the knowing ones, who were betting \$100 to \$40 on Hanlan, claim he sold the race.

It is now certain that Ottawa will subscribe \$1,500 in purses for an open professional regatta.

HANLAN's defeat created quite a sensation in England, while Boyd's defeat was a great surprise.

PATRY SHEPPARD, the noted pugilist, has opened a large sporting-house in Boston, called the Abbey.

ALF GREENFIELD, said to be the best heavy-weight pugilist in England, is on his way to this country.

THE Montreal and Baltimore Lacrosse Clubs play at Montreal on the 25th for the championship of America.

AT Chicago, June 19, Hindoo Swiger's \$20,000 two-year old ran half a mile in 1:15 which is the best on record.

Ir Hanlan takes a pain in the side when he meets Trickett. The Sportsman Champion Challenge Cup will go to Australia.

HANNA, Belle Brassfield, Charley Ford and Voltaire are entered in the 2:19 class at Cincinnati. Who can pick the winner?

MAUD S. is entered in the 2:14 class at Cincinnati. We understand that she recently trotted a mile at Chester Park in 2:32¾.

THOMAS LYNCH, the Irish champion athlete, attended the Irish games at Boston the 17th, and won prizes to the amount of \$250.

At Balham, England, the one hour walking match with Thatcher and Chillman was won by Thatcher. He covered 7 miles 500 yards.

At Prospect Park, June 18, the Girard Base Ball Club of Philadelphia defeated the Manhattan Club of New York by 97 runs.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for a grand ocean regatta to be held at Cape May August 17th. Fifteen prizes are to be offered.

SPORTING men in New York are under the impression that neither Hanlan nor Boyd tried to win the prizes in the International Regatta.

GEORGE FEARS, who claims to be the long distance champion swimmer of England, is willing to accept George Wade's challenge to swim him.

W. E. VAUGHN has arrived at Coney Island with Lord Edward (2), by Alarm; Precator Knott (3), by King Pynn, and Anemone (3), by King Pynn.

At Henley, on the Thames, on June 18, the Leander Boat Club crew defeated the London Rowing Club in the final heat for the grand challenge cup.

GEORGE ROOKE, the middle-weight champion, is ready to fight Jack Donaldson, the Chicago giant, at catch weights for \$500 or \$1,000 a side.

WALLACE ROSS won the \$2,000 purse at the international regatta at Providence, beating Hanlan, Boyd and other noted oarsmen with comparative ease.

THE American Rifle Team have begun practice at Dollymount for the International Rifle Match with Ireland. The team is doing excellent shooting.

KENTUCKY turfmen offer to match Dan Swiger's great two-year-old, Hindoo, to run one mile against any two-year-old in America for \$5,000 a side.

HANLAN has been conquered by an oarsman inferior to Courtney. The Union Springs oarsman should again loom up and challenge Hanlan for another race.

It is expected that the challenge of Eph Morris, of Pittsburgh, to Warren Smith, for a boat race, will be accepted by the Halifax (N. S.) Rowing Association.

MICKEY WAKEFIELD, a noted English sporting man, and Sadler's backer in his race with Kelly for the championship, now keeps a sporting-house at Paterson, N. J.

JOHN WOODS, the photographer of 208 Bowery, N. Y., is the GAZETTE's photographer of all the athletes' pictures in the GAZETTE's unrivaled art photograph gallery.

It seems singular that no sooner does Mr. P. Lorillard sell a horse than he begins to win races. It was so with Baton Rouge, then with Pequod, and Pawnee follows suit.

RICHARD won the \$2,000 race from Edward, at Prospect Park, on Tuesday, in 2:28¾, 2:32 and 2:30. Both horses can trot in the teens, but Tuesday was their "off-day."

HOLSKE, the champion twenty-five and fifty mile walker, has challenged Driscoll of Salem to walk two miles for \$1,000. Holske, it is said, can cover the distance in 14 minutes.

Bell's Life said recently that Boyd, the English champion oarsman, would be hard to beat. Riley, Wallace, Ross and Plaisted think they can outrow him every day in the week.

BOGARDUS has accepted the challenge of Fred Erb, of St. Joseph, to shoot at 100 birds for \$1,000 a side. Bogardus is in New York and desires that Erb shoot the match in Brooklyn.

At the Lacrosse Club's games at Stamford, W. B. Phillips ran 120 yards in even time, and repeating the performance. At the Civil Service sports Phillips ran 150 yards in 15 seconds.

THE thirteenth annual regatta of the Columbia Yacht Club will take place on the 24th inst., over a triangular course, from the club house, foot of Eighty-sixth street, East River.

R. HYSLOP, the infant jockey whose pluck on the filly Gossip last Saturday evoked so much applause, especially when he won on her, is an English boy, fifteen next fall, and weighs but 53 pounds.

ON June 16, at Ottawa, Can., Major McPherson, who accompanies the Canadian Wimbledon Team to England, scored 95 points out of a possible 105 with a Martini-Henri rifle. The score has never been equaled on this side of the Atlantic.

ON the morning of the day that Hindoo won the Jockey Club stakes at St. Louis (a mile in 1:44) Mr. Swiger received a telegram from Mr. Leonard Jerome offering \$15,000 for the colt. Mr. Swiger, it is said, refused, and holds out for \$20,000.

EDWARD McLAUGHLIN has issued a challenge to Frederick Braudt, of Scranton, to play him a match game of billiards, 500 points, French unlimited rail, for \$250 a side. The game to be played in Philadelphia, thirty days after the signing of articles.

IN the Jockey Club Stakes for two-year-olds, one mile, at St. Louis, Hindoo met and easily defeated Lelex, Voltaire and Enniskillen. He ran the distance in 1:44. The country has now settled down to the belief that Hindoo is the greatest two-year-old of 1880.

THE two-hour go-as-you-please race, held under the management of the Elizabeth, N. J., Athletic Club, resulted in a victory for J. H. Chisholm. He covered 18 miles 38 yds, and beat all previous records from 11 miles upward. Thomas H. Noonan came in second, covering 17 miles 1,162 yards.

PADDY RYAN, champion, will be the recipient of a complimentary testimonial at the Griswold Opera-house, Troy, N. Y., on Monday evening, June 28, when, in addition to the best local talent, he may be expected to have the cream of the boxing fraternity of the metropolis on the stage. Give Ryan a rouser.

THE annual eight-oared race between picked crews representing Harvard University of Cambridge and Yale College of New Haven, will be rowed over the regular four-mile course on the Thames at New London, July 2. Both colleges have their crews selected and in training, and the race is beginning to attract considerable attention.

AN international single-scutt regatta is to be held at New London subsequent to the college regattas, and our boatmen are jubilant. Robert Watson, Boyd and Hanlan, to say nothing of the other professional scullers, would make up a team which would draw crowds of people to the superb Thames course. A purse of \$2,000 will be offered in prizes.

SAM COLLYER has resumed the business of a boniface at Rockaway Beach, L. I. His place, known as "Collyer's Grove," is located on Eldert's avenue, and will be opened for the season on Wednesday evening, June 23, when there'll be music, sparring, singing, dancing, and a general jollification, with a free chowder for all who choose to partake of Sam's hospitality.

THE most successful contestant at the Irish championship games, at Dublin, was Patrick Davin, a younger brother of the celebrated M. and T. Davin, who carried all before him, winning the 100-yard race in 10 1-5. In the high jump, Davin reached 5ft. 11in., and in the wide he got over 22ft. 3in., measuring from toe to heel. The distance from the take off was only 21ft. 11in. Lynch won the quarter in 52 1-5s.

EDWARD HANLAN, of Toronto, and Edward Trickett, of Sidney, New South Wales, will meet on the Thames Monday, November 15 next, to test their relative skill and speed as scullers for the sum of £200 a side and the championship of England. Articles of agreement were signed in London on the 4th inst., Hanlan being represented by Col. Albert D. Shaw and Trickett by Messrs. Fitzwilliams, Wentworth and Lent. Mr. John Ireland of Hastings has been appointed referee.

AT Bradford, Pa., June 19, in the trotting races Lady B won the 2:32 class, with Honest Fred second, time, 2:35, 2:35½, 2:37½. The free-for-all purse race, was won by Lew Scott in three straight heats, 2:29, 2:31, 2:28½. Lew Scott, after completing the third heat, was led from the track and rubbed down. Ref.



walking about a few minutes the horse fell dead. He was valued at \$6,000, and was owned by W. H. Crawford of Chicago and Charles B. Henry of New Philadelphia, O.

**THE INTER-STATE PIGEON-FLYING CONTEST.**—On June 18 the great inter-state pigeon-flying match took place and sixty-two Antwerps competed. The pigeons represented by New York, Trenton, Brooklyn, Hoboken, Cleveland and Jersey City Hights fancies. The New York and Jersey City birds had to fly from Blairville, Pa., back to their homes; the Troy birds from Suspension Bridge, N. Y.; the Philadelphia birds from Washington, Pa.; the Cleveland birds from Michigan City, Ind., and the Trenton birds from Pittsburgh, Pa. These places are all about 270 miles from the homes of the birds. The prizes were won as follows: Van Opstal, first and second; Laubenberger, third; Van Opstal, fourth, fifth and sixth; Laubenberger, seventh; Waefeler, eighth; Van Opstal, tenth, eleventh and twelfth; Roper, thirteenth. The first prize was a gold medal. The time made by the birds was not as fast as usual, owing to contrary winds, which greatly impeded the homeward flight.

At Cambridge, England, on May 29, a wonderful fast performance was made on a bicycle and all the records were beaten from 10 to 16 miles. The race was a fifteen-mile amateur contest between D. G. S. Bailey, G. D. Day and F. F. Tower, of Cambridge University, and W. Wyndham and A. D. Butler, of the London Bicycle Club. Bailey won by a yard and three-quarters. Thorn got on even terms with Day in the last twenty yards, and made a dead heat for second place. The last lap was ridden in 38.15 sec. (a fifth of a second faster than when Cooper and Keith-Falconer rode their last lap in the one-mile match). Full time was 46 min. 34.15 sec., thereby beating amateur "record" by 1 min. 13 sec. and professional by 45s. The following were the times and leaders for each mile:

MS.	M. S.	MS.	M. S.	MS.	M. S.
1 Thorn.....2 6	6 Bailey.....18 40	11 Day.....34 19	2 Day.....6 11	7 Day.....21 40	12 Tower.....37 24
3 Bailey.....6 10	8 Bailey.....24 54	13 Day.....30 30	4 Tower.....12 22	9 Day.....27 59	14 Tower.....43 40
5 Tower.....15 22	10 Bailey.....31 11	15 Bailey.....46 34 1-5	* Fastest on record.		

At New York, June 19, the billiard match for \$1,000 and the championship of America between George F. Slosson and Jacob Schaefer resulted in the defeat of Schaefer the champion, to the surprise of the betting men. The game was 600 points up, champion game rules, three ball French caroms, for \$500 a side and the Colander Champion Badge. In the betting Schaefer, who had won the championship trophy twice, was the favorite. The game was a very interesting one although Schaefer did not play up to his form. Schaefer ran 101 in the tenth inning. Slosson followed with a grandly earned 77, and by way of an offset Schaefer put 114 together. This sent the spirits of his partisans up to fever heat. From this point to the sixteenth inning the game dragged again, 14 being the highest run recorded. But here Slosson by skilful play increased his score by 198 points. On the 16th shot of this inning the balls froze, and were spotted, but Slosson counted with a finely-executed lank shot, which evoked thunders of applause. The big run seemed to unnerv Schaefer, as he could do nothing with the balls at all, nor did Slosson have much better luck until the seventeenth inning, when he got the ivories on the left-hand rail, and never let them get away from him until he had made the 600 points required, making the two largest runs on record at this kind of game. During his last inning Slosson was compelled to stop several times, as the din was not only deafening but distracting. On his last shot he fairly gasped for breath, and the crowd lost all control of itself, rushing around the table in their eagerness to congratulate the victor. When quietness was restored he made the required point and gave himself up to his adherents. The game lasted just 2 hours and 4 minutes. The winner's average was 30, and the loser's 24 14 19. Neil Bryant was the referee.

The great international single-scull race for the amateur and professional single-scull championship of the world were rowed on the Seekonk river, Providence, June 17. The attendance was the largest ever seen at a regatta, the crowd numbering over fifty thousand persons. The first race was three miles for the amateur championship and a piece of plate valued at \$500. Seven oarsmen started: E. C. Holmes, of Pawtucket, George Gaisel of New York, Joseph Laing of Montreal, John Buckley of Portland, Edward Hayden of Boston, T. Murphy of Norwich, William Murray of Portland. Holmes was the favorite, and won easily. Holmes' time was 22m. 44s.; Gaisel's 22m. 58s.; Laing third, Time: 23m. 10s.; Buckley fourth in 23m. 36s., and Hayden fifth in 23m. 48s. Murray came home with the others, and was announced as fourth man, but as he did not turn the stake was not entitled to any position. Murphy gave up the race at the two-mile stake. The second race was a four-mile single-scull race, for a purse of \$5,000 and the single-scull championship of the world. The purse was decided as follows: \$3,000 to first, \$1,500 to second and \$500 to third. 1. Wallace Ross, of St. John. 2. George W. Lee, Newark. 3. J. H. Riley, Saratoga. 4. Horatio N. Delano, Boston. 5. James A. Tenn Eyck, Peekskill. 6. Frederick A. Plaisted, New York. 7. John A. Kennedy, Portland. 8. George H. Hosmer, Boston. 9. Jacob Gandion, Canada. 10. James Dempsey, Geneva. 11. Robert Watson Boyd, England. 12. Edward Hanlan, Toronto. Hanlan was favorite over the field. At the start Plaisted took the lead closely followed by Ross, while Hanlan and Boyd were side by side. The two latter kept at it for about sixty strokes, when the champion shot away ahead of the Britisher and began to creep up to Plaisted, who was the leader, and was cutting out the pace nobly. Ross was close behind him, however, and at the quarter was on even terms. Then Hanlan, who had left Boyd, began to tili with his regular, powerful strokes, and slowly to creep up to Ross. So tremendous was his speed that at the half mile he had about a half length the lead over the "field." At the end of the mile Hanlan, Ross, Plaisted and Riley were rowing nearly abreast. A prettier sight is seldom witnessed than was presented by the four men. Away they went to the mile and a half, where the champion, to the surprise of those who could see the course, stopped rowing and Ross swept grandly ahead, with Plaisted and Riley neck and neck just behind. To the surprise of every one Hanlan stopped rowing when he held second place, put his hand to his side, as if in pain, for a moment, then he clutched his sculls with determination and rowed with a will, holding second place to the turn, which he made immediately after Ross. The latter, seeing that Hanlan was sick, increased his speed and came homeward at a magnificent pace, leading the field by at least twenty lengths to the finish, an easy winner, amid the cheers of the thousands of spectators and the salvos from the yachts and other craft on the river. Riley came in second, 34.000, Riley \$1,500, and Plaisted \$500. Hanlan's defeat created a sensation, and rumors were afloat that he sold the race. There was no foundation to base them on. Hanlan was sick, and the pace the contestants cut out probably used him up. Boyd's defeat was also a mystery to those who bought him with Hanlan barred.

## NEW YORK BY DAY AND NIGHT.

Striking Pictures as We Go Around  
The Clock—Midnight Scenes and  
Noontide Photographs.

## DRINKING BEER AT LION PARK.

Where Nell Baptizes the Sardine in  
Beer and Misses the Last  
Train.

BY AN OLD BOUNDER.

I have just been doing my best to give the thermometer a bluff and promote a general healthful openness of the pores after the most agreeable fashion known to New Yorkers in general and the boys in particular.

In plain English, I have been drinking beer at Lion Park. And if you have ever experienced that hot weather sensation you will agree with me that Lion Park is an institution.

Or any other park as far as that goes, provided they sell beer there, and the beer is fit to drink.

I prefer the stamping ground of the king of beasts, however, because the girls as well as the boys enjoy themselves there.

It is so denuded convenient, you see, a mere trifle of a ten cent run up on the Sixth avenue elevated track, a drive down a gravelled carriage way, over which a gilt lion does sentry duty, and there you are in a grove with a merry-go-round, thickets for the children to tear their clothes in, wooden benches to sit on and dittoables to rattle and call, "Fill 'em up again."

And if you prefer it there is a vast dancing floor at the back of the house, roofed over, with a fat band blowing itself into water at one end and a gallery in which the swells sit and wish. I often fancy that they weren't quite so swell after all.

The dancing floor has one advantage over the grove for merry-makers of sensational instincts.

From it you can command a view of the elevated road, sweeping around into Eighth avenue, a hundred feet up on its spidery legs, which seem always just ready to give at the knees and deposit their loads among the cruel rocks which have been libellously likened to the corporation's heart.

It is such a comfortable thing to drink your beer in safety with the chance of a general sacrifice of blood and mangled meat on the altar of monopoly always promising to eventuate, as it certainly will some day.

Besides, it's better far to be under cover when the rain comes than to have to scamper for it among a mob of ladies with stout German terminations, who throw their skirts over their heads at the first drops, probably because hats spoil quicker than hosiery, and fat men who grunt and wheeze after a fashion most painful to be auditor of. Did you ever watch a Teutonic gentleman, after his thirty-fourth beer, make tracks for cover between the drops?

If you never did, try it, just once, some day when your mother-in-law has just died or something of that sort happened to make you mournful, and if you don't brace up and call for a schooner I will.

For myself, that is. The mention of schooner reminds me of the only thorn in the rose of Lion Park, the painful claw of the lion, so to speak.

Why the deuce do they give you such small glasses? I asked the proprietor once whether he didn't think customers could wrestle with an able-bodied goblet if they got the chance, and he grinned and said:

"Dey would 'restle mit a keg."  
"Then why don't you give them to us?"  
"Vell, mine frendt, you see vy it vas. De kegs vot dot peer comes from vas very schnall."

There is one benefit accruing to the drinker out of this process of reasoning, though like all benefits you pay for it.

It is that you can empty more glasses and consequently it takes you longer to fill up there.

And the people do fill up.

From early morn to dewy eve and more so they drink and eat and talk and drink, while the children blast themselves with pretzels and sarsaparilla and the band blows itself inside out and laves its throat at the rate of a keg an hour.

But it isn't till towards evening that the real fun begins.

Then the regular picnickers have a lone home to dinner and the boys and girls begin to expand.

"Give us a song, Nell."

"Why, you dear old sardine! of course I will."

The staid Germans in spectacles and stomachs who are smoking their bachelor pipes and picking what is left of the Hamburger steaks from their teeth look on admiringly.

And well they may.

Perched on the beer-wet table, with a foaming mug in her hand, the sunset bathes her in a flood of gold, and the evening wind flutters her fair hair in little vagrant ringlets brighter than the sun shafts that pierce the verdure of the grove in lances of dazzling light.

And she sings!

Sings wantonly and with a light abandon that is so adorable that the dear old sardine never kicks about the beer shower that her waving glass rains down on his new hat and his best summer suit.

There is more beer and more singing. The evening draws on and fireflies flitter in the black grove. Other fireflies shoot by in long chains on the railroad. You hear the fluttering of bats' wings through the murmur of the warm night wind and see the distant lights of the city, wishing you didn't have to go back there for a month. You don't go till the last train.

And as you board it you hear wild shouts and see two dusky shapes rushing out of the grove and waving their hands frantically.

It is only Nell and the Sardine, who have been improving the staid night for a ramble until they've missed the train and have got to walk a mile among the rocks and morasses where the dread Billy goat lies in wait for prey to catch a dusty street car and get home at daylight.

Wishing they had never heard of Lion Park, but taking a run up there after lunch again all the same.

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